The Nation.

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The Week.

September 5 is the memorable historic date of the Treaty of Portsmouth, signed, sealed, and delivered. The diplomatic ceremony calls for no remark beyond what the preceding agreement elicited. Whatever may be thought of Franklin's saying that he never knew a good war or a bad peace, we believe the consummation just ratified will never be stigmatized as a bad peace.

President Roosevelt's reply to the Emperor William's congratulations ought to make some English newspapers particularly ashamed. They set afloat the basest and, as it now appears, the most unfounded suspicions in regard to the Kaiser's attitude during the peace negotiations. They asserted that his interview with the Czar was deliberately sought in order to frustrate Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to bring about a peace. Throughout, a certain class of journalistic Teutophobes in England have represented the German Emperor, not only as their own malignant enemy, but as an insidious meddler with the Russo-Japanese negotiations, casting all his influence upon the side of war. All these lies the President now openly nails to the counter. Knowing how maliciously they have been circulated, he goes out of his way to assure the Kaiser, and also to notify the world, that the cordial sympathy and efficient coöperation of that monarch had been of the greatest aid in the whole momentous affair. It was both a generous and timely act on the President's part. The cable reports that it caused much satisfaction in Berlin. Nothing is said of its effect in London, but it must have been to fill the offices of the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Morning Post* with smart and mortification.

China is now to put in a word. In response to an Imperial order for recommendations as to future policy relating to Mantchuria, two powerful Governors, Tuan Fang of Hunan and Lu Yuanting of Kiangsu, have urged, according to the (Shanghai) *Shempao:* (1) To decide by conference on a date for the evacuation of all foreign troops; (2) to decide similarly the date for abolishing Japanese military administration in Mantchuria; (3) to open Mantchurian ports to foreign trade; (4) to cede the Eastern Railway concession to Japan; (5) to settle the future of Russian leased territory (Port Arthur and Dalny) with Japan; (6) to reform the Chinese administration system in Mantchuria and suppress the "hunghutzes." Coincidentally, Hsu Shih Chang, senior vice-president of the Board of War, has started on a series of visits, first to Tokio, next to Washington, then to London and the capitals of Europe. The cable reports that "the principal object of the mission is to study the system of government abroad, as the Dowager Empress intends to issue a decree at the new year for the establishment of a parliament twelve years hence." The world has been waiting for that ever since Kublai Khan sent to Rome, through Marco Polo, for a hundred men to show him how the West could instruct China.

Secretary Bonaparte has set aside a part of the findings of the court of inquiry in the case of the *Bennington* disaster, and decided that Commander Young must himself be tried on the charge of neglect of duty. The Secretary thus serves notice on all the officers in the service that they will be rigidly held to their responsibility. The court of inquiry found it to be beyond dispute that discipline in the engineering force of the *Bennington* had been allowed to become exceedingly lax. The facts also were that the boilers and machinery had been permitted to get into bad condition. In endeavoring to fix the blame, the court of inquiry stopped at Ensign Wade; but Mr. Bonaparte carries the responsibility higher. He holds that no ship could get into the unsatisfactory and even perilous state of the *Bennington* without negligence on the part of her commander. At any rate, that is the fair presumption until Commander Young is able to prove the contrary. Such prompt and emphatic action as the Department has now taken will be of itself a sharp warning to every idle or slack officer in the navy. Secretary Bonaparte's deep indignation lends color to the report that he will require junior officers to take their regular tours in the engine-room, to accept direct responsibility for the condition of boilers and machinery, and to maintain strict discipline among the petty officers and men there. The work in the engine-room, with its dirt, grease, and heat, is less agreeable than that on the deck or the bridge, but on a modern war vessel it is not a whit less important. Indeed, the vessel is simply one huge and intricate piece of machinery; and the men in command, if they are to understand its construction and preserve its efficiency, must devote a considerable portion of their time to the engine-room.

No matter how many times it may be demonstrated to the Filipinos, patiently and logically, that they would only make a muddle of self-government, they keep coming back with "Let us try, anyhow." No child could be more unreasonable. The resigned good humor with which the members of the Taft party listened on August 29 to the pleas for Filipino independence was properly indulgent. True, "volleys of questions" were fired at the Filipino speakers at Manila by Messrs. Hepburn, Grosvenor, Payne, and their colleagues, but who believes that they will still the national aspirations for all time? Even the thorough measures of pacification adopted by Hell-Roaring Jake Smith in Samar only a few years ago were not so permanent in their effects as to relieve our troops of the necessity of fighting 38 battles and skirmishes in the island in the year ending last July, with the customary ratio of killed, 6 Americans to 600 or 750 natives. And, in passing, it is interesting to speculate why the American people had to wait for Gen. Carter's belated official report for the news of these engagements, while the "general opinion among the Congressmen present" adverse to Filipino independence comes so promptly over the cable.

Gen. Wood, sailing for the Philippines, left behind him two observations which must subject him to grave censure by two of the most powerful elements in this country. "The need of free trade [with the Philippines] is obvious," said the fearless soldier. "Free trade will injure no American industry." Imagine the wrath of the Society of the Standpatters when they read that! And as if this were not a sufficient blunder in strategy for one day, Gen. Wood went on to say that wages had risen so rapidly and so high in the Philippines as to do the working people there "great harm." It is well that he is on the high seas and thus safe from the avenging tongue of John Mitchell. It is not that he and the other leaders of labor unions care very much about the Philippines, but they think it pernicious to speak of high wages in that way. If such notions are not sternly put down, people may come to believe what the Catholic priest wrote President Roosevelt about the mine workers, that, the bigger their pay, the more money they spent on bad whiskey; and, the shorter their hours, the more time they loafed away in the saloons.

It is, of course, mainly to the technical aspects of the problem of the Panama Canal that the international board of engineers now in Washington will address themselves. There is, however, another highly important side of the question. This relates to cost, and to cost,

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moreover, under Government construction as compared with private contract. Congress may yet have to pass upon the pecuniary argument; for it is not impossible that the engineers may submit alternative plans. In that event, the finances of the case may prove the controlling element. Certainly, neither the President nor Congress can feel that there is good prospect of economy in building the canal by the Government direct, after the way in which the $10,000,000 initial appropriation has melted away with so little to show for it. This consideration should call attention to one great merit of the Lindon W. Bates plan. Chairman Shonts, in laying it before the engineers on Friday, spoke of it as "interesting," but said that it was lacking in "details." It has, however, one most significant detail. This is a specific undertaking to contract, with ample financial guarantees, to complete the canal within the Congressional appropriation. If it comes to a competition between projects equally good on technical grounds, it may be the conclusion of the guardians of the Treasury, who know well the temptation to waste in public works, that this money argument should be decisive.

Nothing actually incriminating appears in the letters of Assistant Secretary Loomis and certain Ohio promoter-politicians, which were published by the *Herald* on Sunday, but they deepen the unpleasant impression made by former disclosures. He seems clearly to be of that most unfortunate type of public servants about whom grafters buzz and money-grabbers swarm. We now have the distinct evidence that he was backed for appointment to Venezuela, and with his consent, by men who, he knew, were looking for chances to make money in that country, and were counting upon his official aid. The situation was one of gross impropriety, but it does not seem to have troubled Loomis's robust sensibilities. From the first, he appears to have conceived of the public service as necessarily affected by a business interest. One wonders whether, if these letters had been before Secretary Taft, he would have let Loomis off with so awkward and lefthanded a splash of whitewash as that he actually gave him. And if the President is really thinking, according to Loomis's frequent boasts, of assigning him to another diplomatic post, the casual publication of these letters must give him a shiver. What other Loomis record may not any day leap to light?

Gov. Cummins, as even his enemies would probably admit, has thus far had the best of his exchange of compliments with Secretary Shaw. Indeed, the Secretary may possibly find it hard to decide just what to do next. His original letter was in a vein of vast, almost patronizing, superiority. It accused the Governor of misrepresenting his (the Secretary's) own position regarding the French reciprocity treaty; and incidentally hinted that the garbled version must have been obtained by violating the sanctity of the banquet table. The Governor's answer was shorter if more peppery. His authority on Shaw's position, he said, was an editorial in the newspaper of Lafayette Young, one of the Secretary's stanchest supporters, and an accredited expounder of his doctrines. Mr. Young had heard his leader discuss the French treaty. He might have misunderstood Cummins, but it is unthinkable that he should have misunderstood Shaw. Furthermore, if anybody spread broadcast what was meant to be dinner-table talk, it was he. So Mr. Shaw's hands are tied. He cannot turn on Cummins without confounding his own backer. Mr. Young, to complicate matters, is with the Taft party on the other side of the world, and cannot be consulted at less than $6 a word. As the Secretary can hardly improve his position by another retort, this may be an excellent chance to apply his policy of "stand pat."

In brilliance of logic the stand-patters —noted for the profundity of their reasoning—have produced no one to match Representative James T. McCleary of Minnesota, he who would be chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. He has invented an irrefutable argument against reciprocity, and has thus settled the dispute once and for all. "Who," he asks, "can point to a man crying for reciprocity who hopes to have the duty lowered on his own product? The manufacturers of New England ask for reciprocity with Canada, knowing that the farmers of the West would be compelled to bear the burden." In fine, until everybody wants the duty cut on his own product, we are to have no reciprocity, and, indeed, no revision of the tariff. Does the Steel Trust object to lower duty on rails? That ends it; the duty on rails shall remain. Mr. McCleary hardly needs to add that he is "not in favor of a reciprocity that gives up any part of our market in the hope of getting other markets." Nothing more impregnable than this in the way of a definition has been offered the world since in Fielding's 'Tom Jones' Mr. Thwackum proved that honor could not exist independent of religion.

The summoning of "Bull" Andrews from New Mexico to Philadelphia to aid the Durham-Penrose political machine is naturally regarded in Pennsylvania as a real signal of distress. Andrews is one of the choicest graduates of the Quay school of politics. He was the big boss's "man who knew how," the lieutenant who executed the jobs which Quay, for all his toughened political conscience, could only hint at. In 1895, when Quay was fighting for the chairmanship of the Republican party in the State, it was Andrews who snatched the victory at the end. When Quay was bidding for the United States Senatorship in 1899, and again in 1901, the same indispensable aid was sought. Andrews was sent to New Mexico by Quay to practise Pennsylvania machine politics there, with a prospective Senatorship in the new State as a reward. But whenever Quay wanted "something done by the man who knew how," the call was sent out and "the Bull" returned to his old field. The meaning of his appearance in Philadelphia at this crisis is therefore clear. The Republican machine there has undertaken to capture the movement for the purification of city politics. Penrose and Martin are loud in their demand that the voting lists be thoroughly purged. Since some men doubt their eminent fitness as purgers, they have sent for their old fellow-corruptionist to give them a fine moral standing.

Mr. Jerome's emphatic removal of his name from consideration for the Mayoralty was simply what everybody who knew him, and knew the situation, expected. With it, the ill-advised effort to create a demand which he could not refuse—and to do it without the trifling formality or precaution of consulting him—comes to an end. He stands just where he did—an independent candidate for the District Attorneyship, appealing directly to the people over the heads of the bosses, yet ready to accept support from any party group or organization which may endorse him with its eyes open. This means that it must endorse him knowing that he cannot be compelled to endorse either its platform or its candidates, if he thinks them unfit. Those who vote for him must take him for what he is. His personality and candidacy will of themselves enliven the coming municipal campaign. As for the general fusion against Tammany, its outlook would be brighter if there were a more forceful leader in sight, and if also the idea that Tammany can be beaten by raising a municipal-ownership cry were not so hugged. If it is a question of a mere political device, Tammany will defeat the reformers every time. If necessary, it will itself take up the municipal-ownership issue in a more extravagant form than its opponents dare venture, and, as Tim Sullivan remarks, find enough offices and patronage in the new activities to keep itself in power for 150 years.

Battles against Tammany maladministration have continually to be fought over again. Who would have said, after

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the struggle it cost the city to prevent Mayor Gilroy from putting a racetrack in Central Park for his sporting friends, that we should have to fight a similar project under Mayor McClellan? Yet his Commissioner of Parks in the Bronx is busy at this moment in devastating Pelham Bay Park by constructing a race-course through its very parade-ground. That stretch of turf, secured by much labor and at great expense, Commissioner Schrader proposes to ruin by carrying through it the "needed facility" of a track for speeding horses. It seems that the Speedway along the Harlem is inconvenient for certain Tammany horsemen, and they must therefore have city money spent and a city property disfigured in order to enable them to give their blooded animals a spin. It is a gross impropriety and affront, which the Mayor should instantly forbid. Furthermore, it is apparently quite illegal, as Mr. Philbin, acting for the Metropolitan Parks Association, contends, and can be stopped by the courts. To say nothing of interfering with those who wish to use the parks for quieter pleasures, and of actually imperilling children at play near racing horses, the track would be a characteristic Tammany monstrosity from the point of view of good taste. Show a Tammany official a fine stretch of meadowland, and his only instinct is to dig and blast a road through it, and so make an eyesore of what should be a rest.

The separate Statehood convention which has taken a recess from its deliberations at Muscogee, I. T., in order to formulate a Constitution for a State to be organized independently of Oklahoma and called Sequoyah, is largely in the hands of white and mixed-blood politicians. Their clearly discerned motive, showing behind the surface pretension that Indian Territory objects to a union with her Western sister, is to increase the West's representation in Congress. A well-defined feeling exists west of the Mississippi that the Eastern States are unduly prominent in the Senate. Of course, the "injustice" of giving the same Senatorial weight to Rhode Island and Delaware as to Missouri and Texas has led to resentment. At the Muscogee convention this rather vague sectional prejudice has been appealed to by hints that a movement which should make four United States Senatorships grow where none grew before would open up bright prospects for tribal politicians. The same feeling, as yet timidly expressed, is likely to be increasingly effective in keeping Arizona and New Mexico apart. In the end it will be a more powerful argument than the race prejudice between the Arizona "gringo" and the New Mexican "greaser." Single Statehood for the "twin Territories," however, will hardly be defeated by the manipulators of the Muscogee convention.

The strike of the Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers in this city is one of those gratuitous performances that apparently serve only to deepen the public distrust of labor leaders. The sheet metal workers proceed on the theory that Parks and Weinseimer did not do the cause enough injury, that further demonstrations of ignorance and bad faith are needed. The situation is clear enough. The executive committee of the general aribitration board of the Employers' Association and the unions has decided that the strike is in direct violation of the arbitration agreement, and has ordered the metal workers to return to work, pending a settlement of the dispute. An arbitration agreement to which one of the contracting parties pays no heed whatever is, of course, so much waste paper. The frequent complaint of employers that the negotiation of such a treaty leaves them exactly where they were before, is too often well-grounded. The employer, with his tangible property, may be held accountable for a breach of contract, but an unincorporated union is as elusive as quicksilver. The steady refusal of unions to incorporate and assume responsibility continues to lay their motives open to grave suspicion.

The convention of anthracite mine-workers, to formulate demands upon the operators, is announced for the first week in November. The present agreement with the operators does not expire till spring, but the miners remember the proverb about the early bird. Recognition of the union is to be the chief contention. That is the point for which President Mitchell will stick, the point also upon which the operators, we conceive, will refuse to yield. It is worth while to remember that recognition of the union was one of the causes of the great strike which was settled by arbitration, and that the decision of the board was for the "open shop." There may be changes in social conditions, cost of living, or methods of mining that may warrant corresponding changes in wage scale, hours of labor, or methods of measuring work. On these details the public is not informed. But a fight over the open shop is a fight, not over a detail, but over a principle. If it was sound in 1903, it is sound now.

By the wide sweep of their subpœna net, we judge that the insurance investigating committee means business. Officers of the large companies—the "Big Three," the "Racers," as they have been variously called—are summoned, and their examination, if it be made searching, should add much to the stock of public information. It is commonly suspected that the really unhappiest men in New York, during the time since the Equitable doors were blown open, have been, not the officials and directors of that company, but of its chief competitors. The former knew the worst; the later dreaded that it was yet to come for them. Consequently, there has been an amount of preparation for the approaching ordeal which might well have wrecked the health, and entirely destroyed the mental and moral composure, of more than one man high in directorates. But such sufferers do not know what relief, if not recovery, may go with publicity. Let them contemplate the present comfortable estate of the Equitable directors! No more swords are hanging over their heads, for the sharpest ones have fallen. Let the fearful saints who are shuddering lest a fate like Depew's befall them, fresh courage take.

"There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion." When Byron, with prophetic foresight, in this way laid down the great principle upon which the Subway Tavern was to be founded, he was, without knowing it, a sociologist. The inspiring science of sociology—or is it an art?—had not yet been invented. Our colleges were not strengthening the minds of youth with the high and severe discipline of courses in "drunkenness, drainage, and divorce"; slumming parties were not yet a popular amusement; Bishop Potter had not even been born. Still, in those days of more than Egyptian darkness one poet at least had a vision of the taste and capacity of the glorified man of the future. The mere fact that the Subway Tavern has failed to pay we count as nothing—a mere accident of time and place. New York and her undeveloped citizens are not worthy of it. From the womb of time shall surely spring a race that can and will realize the lofty ideal. There was only one Subway Tavern; it therefore suffered because it was a sociological experiment station. Sight-seers, amateur philanthropists, theological students came in squads to see the submerged tenth of the city in the very process of emerging, to see the Demon Rum tamed in his own den, to see the million slaves of alcohol strike off their shackles and triumphantly fill the foaming beaker with ginger-pop. It was a thrilling spectacle; it drew tears to the eyes of the most hardened reformers; but it was too good to last. As Mr. Dooley notes, the honest workman wants to enjoy his few simple vices undisturbed. Even the most calloused of men will grow tired of being pointed at as a curiosity. The ordeal was too severe for the most public-spirited denizens of the region about Mulberry and Bleecker Streets. Bishop Potter and his set might have enjoyed the rôle, but mere Mulberry-Benders were not up to it.

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GOVERNMENT PRINTING.

On the eve, as we probably are, of the publication of the report to the President on the scandals in the Government Printing-Office, the article in the September *Atlantic* on "The Problem of Federal Printing" falls especially pat. It is by W. S. Rossiter of the Census Bureau, and is a quiet, mostly statistical account of the enormous development and great cost of this branch of governmental activity. The Public Printer of the United States, in a word, directs the greatest printing-office in the world, it being in capacity and output five or six times as large as the Imprimerie Nationale.

Mr. Rossiter's figures show strikingly how the Government at Washington has become more and more adrip with printer's ink. In 1790 the total cost of Federal printing was $8,785; in 1904, $7,080,906. By the graphic chart illustrating the expansion of this business, it appears that there have been ups and downs in it, but that since about 1892 the curve has swept upward continuously and portentously — the total outlay having nearly doubled in that period. Mr. Rossiter estimates that the cost of Government printing in the decade 1900-1909 will exceed $60,000,000—or more than had been spent on it from 1790 to 1880. It is not surprising that alarm has been taken at this making of many books in the Government Printing-Office. President Roosevelt has discovered a superfluity here, much of the sort that Baring-Gould denounced in German printing, and has called for retrenchment, though it has not been observed that he himself has furnished the Government printers less "copy" than before. Congress has appointed a joint committee to inquire into the matter. On all sides it seems to be agreed that the public printing has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

But to take the backward step is always the rub, in such matters. Everybody is willing that everybody else should leave a report or monograph inedited, but, as for his own, the machinery of Government could scarcely go on unless it were got up handsomely with charts and plates. The truth is that the printing habit has grown upon us immensely. It is not confined to the Government at Washington. The various States show an increase in public printing almost as marked as that voted by Congress. Their total outlay on this item, Mr. Rossiter informs us, has nearly doubled in twenty-years—rising from $1,561,350 in 1880 to $2,740,323 in 1900. Five or six States, and those in general the most backward, have been able to curtail this expense, but the others have pushed it to higher and higher figures. New York's printing bill, for example, was $145,610 in 1880; in 1900, it was $654,330. Doubtless there has been extravagance in State work of this kind, though most of the States let it by contract; yet there can be no question that the great increase in Government publications has met a popular demand. The people have been rather proud of the elaborate State and Federal reports on forests and fisheries, on mines and water-supplies, on insect pests, and improved grains and better methods of cultivation—in short, on every topic or entity in the heavens above or the earth beneath that could interest a village Solomon. And we Americans are, in this respect, the envy of foreigners. More than once has the London *Spectator* sighed over some elaborate volume *de luxe* issued by our Printing-Office, of a scientific or social interest, and regretted that such work could so seldom be matched in Great Britain.

No utility, however, no æsthetic gratification, can justify waste; and that the Government Printing-Office at Washington is extravagantly conducted, Mr. Rossiter's showing leaves one in no possible doubt. The cost of printing is "decidedly higher than the charge for similar commercial work." Indeed, asserts the writer we follow, if this Government plant doing a business of $7,000,000 a year were transformed into a private concern, "the owners would discover that the charges for product, although they do not include the usual and important items of rent, interest, and profit, are nevertheless from one and one-half to ten times as high as the prices charged for similar work by printers who include the omitted items." Let prescribers of the Government-ownership panacea take due note of this. It is the ugliest symptom of the disease they are treating.

Mr. Rossiter's explanation of the fact that "it is practically impossible to secure from Government employees the work—clerical or manual—that is expected and exacted from employees of private concerns," is, to say the least, engagingly simple. The reason is not, he protests, politics. It is not wrapped up in the nature of public administration. No; the trouble is with "the climate of Washington." He must mean moral climate, for printers certainly do the average amount of work in far hotter cities; Kipling describes a scene of almost demoniac activity in the office of the *Pioneer* of Allahabad. But in Washington, avers Mr. Rossiter, there is a "lack of commercial excitement" and that "rush and bustle" which keys up workers elsewhere. Yes; and there is also, as every one knows, the feeling that Uncle Sam is the sleepiest and most lenient of employers; that there are Representatives and Senators to keep you in your job, no matter how worthless you are; and all the complex of motive and influence which makes Government work notoriously more costly and less efficient than private. If a really competent Public Printer were employed, paid what his services were worth (not the mere $4,500 now assigned to the superintendent of a $7,000,000 business), and given an absolutely free hand, with a warning to the politicians not to meddle, he could doubtless effect great economies and tone the Printing-Office up as it needs; but short of some such radical reform we are likely to see small improvement.

ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST.

Gov. Folk of Missouri, speaking at Chautauqua recently, dwelt with very natural pride on the fact that, since he began his fight for the enforcement of law in Missouri, immigration to the State had increased 25 per cent., and real-estate values to about the same extent. It may be true, as Archbishop Whately said, that, while honesty is the best policy, the man who is honest for that reason is a knave. At the same time, the prosperity of a State which has just gone through a drastic process of reformation, even though the relation of cause and effect is not made out, is the best imaginable answer to the ever-recurring argument that whosoever exposes abuses at home is "defaming the State" or "befouling his own nest." Even well-intentioned citizens have been slow to see the value of the advertising which comes to a community that has resolutely set about the cure of its political and social ills.

The same "hurting business" argument has been used more often, probably—though less publicly—in connection with disease epidemics than anything else. Ibsen has used the fight of a courageous young physician against the polluted water supply of a health resort as the subject of his play, "An Enemy of Society," allegorically thus representing himself and his hostile critics. The "hushing up" of incipient epidemics is often regarded as part of the duty of city officials. The recent reported threat of "prominent business men" to boycott Bath Beach physicians who gave any information about the prevalence of typhoid fever there, was a case in point. Of course, attempts of this kind are sometimes successful, and visitors are welcomed throughout an epidemic, quite unaware of their danger. But the policy of frankness has its profits. The householders of New Orleans to-day wear on their coats cheerful buttons announcing, "My cistern is all right. How about yours?" Their fight against yellow fever is being made in the open, and the grand jury is investigating the officials who are alleged to have kept it dark in the past. Can anybody doubt that the city stands better before the country in every way than if stories of "Yellow Jack" were merely whispered on the streets and fright had only rumor to feed on?

It is not likely that the time will ever

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come when powerful business interests of a city will bribe the district attorney to put Mayor and Common Council in jail, for the sake of the profits that follow reform, or induce the health officer to invent a visitation of disease in order that the city may have the credit of being frank about it. There are just now, however, several less conspicuous instances in which business interests long responsible for abuses of one kind or another are taking a more far-sighted view of the consequences of their policies. In other words, in certain lines self-interest in this country is becoming perceptibly more enlightened. One of the most prominent illustrations of this is that of the lumbermen. From the time of the first settlements they were the unrelenting foes of our forests. With amazing speed the vast tracts in the Middle West were denuded of their timber, with no thought of provision for the future. Yet, brought up sharply by the imminent failure of supply and the loss of their means of livelihood, the great lumber companies have been adopting of their own accord methods of scientific forestry, and President Roosevelt was able to say before the Forest Congress that "henceforth the movement for the conservative use of the forest is to come mainly from within, not from without; from the men who are actively interested in the use of the forest in one way or another, even more than from those whose interest is philanthropic and general."

Another notable instance is furnished by the pure-food agitation. When the demand for legislation on this subject began, even the honest manufacturers were generally opposed to it, not because their own business would be injured by the punishment of adulteration and misbranding, but because they feared the general unsettling of business—and with good reason in a business so dependent on capricious popular tastes. This, too, has changed. The better class of food manufacturers are among the advocates of a national pure-food law, and they are finding that there is a public willing to recognize the value of products above suspicion. In this connection may be recalled the hopes expressed in the Franklin Institute's recent discussion of shellfish as carriers of disease—that the oystermen would find it a "distinctly desirable business proposition" to keep out of polluted waters and make their wares conform to every sanitary requirement. Most surprising of all has been the changed attitude of some of the patent-medicine manufacturers, who, after fighting by fair means or foul every effort to secure publicity of their formulas, have voluntarily made these public. People were slow in grasping the fact that many, if not most, of the widely advertised nostrums were actually harmful by reason of the alcohol or narcotics they contain. Now that this is better understood, the only possible defence is in the abandonment of secrecy, and a few have taken this step before the law compels it.

That everybody will one day be good because it pays, is a consummation not to be hoped for. Indeed, it is unfortunately true that virtue does not invariably pay. The real value of such instances as are cited above is that they reveal the reformer as a somewhat less visionary and impractical creature than he is commonly represented. And since out of his past work have come occasional dollars and cents, he may have so much the better credentials for his next undertaking.

SENATOR DEPEW SETTLES.

On July 31 the Attorney-General of New York brought suit against Chauncey M. Depew for having, among other things, "neglected or refused to pay the amount of the losses" which the Equitable had suffered through its loan of $250,000 to the Depew Improvement Company, although "said Depew and others . . . agreed that they would save said defendant society harmless from loss." On August 26, the Equitable, in its answer to the suit of the Attorney-General, stated that it was making a thorough legal examination of the Depew loan, "with a view to recovering, either by action or by adjustment out of court, any sums that may be found due to this defendant." A week ago, Mr. Depew paid up. For himself and his associates he turned over to the Equitable $293,850.82, the amount of the loan with interest. That is, he made the "adjustment out of court." He is therefore fully entitled to the credit of having settled rather than face legal proceedings. That we cheerfully accord him.

Whether, however, any such moral grandeur attaches to his action as he seems to imply; whether his explanatory letter is wholly consistent with his secret but sworn testimony before Superintendent Hendricks; whether the clearing up of this loan complication, supposing it to be complete, covers all that was shady in his relations to the Equitable—these are quite other questions. Mr. Depew now writes: "I purchased for $100,000 in cash a one-fifteenth interest in the stock of the [Depew Improvement] Company." This is a more dignified, but a much less picturesque, account of the transaction than the one given by the Senator under oath on May 9 last. On that date, he testified that he had refused when Mr. Webb asked him to purchase $100,000 of the stock, and that thereupon the latter said:

> "Very well. I knew what you would say, and so I have opened an account in my bank. I have put up the stock as collateral. I have borrowed $100,000 for you, so you need have no trouble, and here are a check and note, and you sign these two. You have got your stock, and in three months it will be sold out and you will make a handsome profit."

In the matter of the guarantee against loss which Mr. Depew gave the Equitable, there are obviously legal niceties which could be tried out only in court. The Equitable thought it had a complete guarantee. However, when the document was produced by Superintendent Hendricks, and Senator Depew was asked if he considered that it fixed "any liability on you of any kind," he blithely replied: "As a lawyer I don't think so." As a lawyer, he may have been right. It it not for a layman to say he was not, lacking a judicial decision. But what is plain to the wayfaring man who reads the testimony of Gerald R. Brown, superintendent of the Equitable bond-and-mortgage department, and of Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust Company, is the fact that the guarantee was regarded as absolutely binding, and that, on the strength of it, and at Mr. Depew's request, the referee's deed of foreclosure was not put on record. Mr. Krech described the transaction as "simply a postponement of the payments of the debt practically from Mr. Depew and his associates."

Over the legal and moral question of his having, as an Equitable director and a member of its executive committee, helped secure what was practically a loan to himself, Senator Depew glides lightly. He now says: "I was, of course, cognizant of the negotiations for this loan." But in his sworn testimony before Superintendent Hendricks, we find this question and answer: "You voted in favor of this loan on the executive committee?" "I think I did." Let the statutes of New York make the fitting comment:

> "No director or officer of an insurance corporation doing business in this State shall receive any money or valuable thing for negotiating, procuring, or recommending any loan from any such corporation, or for selling or aiding in the sale of any stocks or securities to or by such corporation." [Note that Mr. Depew's confessed contract or guarantee was "to form a new company and issue bonds, which bonds they would deliver to us (the Equitable) for the property if he would turn it over to them."]
>
> "Any person violating the provisions of this section shall forfeit his position as such director or officer, and be disqualified from thereafter holding any such office in any insurance corporation."

There are, finally, other grave complaints and legal charges against Senator Depew as a director of the Equitable, in regard to which his letter is completely silent. In the Attorney-General's suit, it is set forth that the directors had "wastefully and improvidently procured and caused" the payment of salaries "largely in excess of the value of the services rendered." This squints hard at Mr. Depew, since he has admitted that it was his eagle eye which first perceived that James H. Hyde was worth $100,000 a year to the Equitable as vice-president. He says nothing whatever about that now, possibly because his counsel have advised him to wait and see if the courts hold him indi-

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vidually liable for his waste and improvidence as a director. If they do, we have not a particle of doubt that Senator Depew will pay up, and with the "magnificent gesture" of Henry James's mendicant accepting money. But there is another specification by the Attorney-General which the Senator must know looks his way. It is that the directors "wastefully, improvidently, and improperly procured and caused . . . to pay excessive, improper, and unwarranted sums of money to various attorneys and counsellors at law." If this does not mean Mr. Depew's annual retainer of $20,000, what does it mean? He confessed that he could not well draw up an itemized account of services rendered. The public would gladly hear him again on this matter. Paul Morton ruthlessly cut off the Depew retainer; but if the Senator can now convince the committee and the courts that he earned thrice his fee, he should again receive his own with usury. Meantime he must in bitterness of spirit search even the partisan press in vain for apology or support, much less for the old-time adulation, in this crisis.

"A DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION."

The old question whether insanity increases as civilization advances is still open. It is a part of that larger problem, whether evolution is to be interpreted in terms of optimism or of pessimism. Many reasons, both theoretical and practical, have been given for supposing that the number of the insane is increasing. It has been argued that the nervous system of man is being developed disproportionately to the rest of his bodily organism. The body of the brute is adapted to its instincts; the body of man is an old bottle filled with the new wine of highly specialized intelligence and emotion. It has been supposed that the progress of evolution towards a happy ideal is interrupted and impeded more and more by dissolution and degeneracy. This doctrine, defended very skilfully by such writers as Maudsley and Nordau, has been partially justified by popular opinion and by statistics.

We are told that the industrial and commercial life of the present is so intense and rapid that even strong men bend and break under the pressure. There is work without recreation, excitement without rest, gayety without pleasure—in short, nervous expenditure without corresponding satisfaction. If the distribution of wealth and power be more equal now than in former days, there are men who are richer now than at any other period of history; and the moral history of the poor is deepened by examples of extravagance and luxury brought home to them by daily experience and the daily press. There is a struggle and stress in social life unknown in other times. Men, women, and children are overworked. There are sweat-shops, unwholesome factories, and long hours. Labor is so specialized that the joy of complete achievement is impaired. The rewards of success are great, but competition is greater, and the attainment of success more difficult.

Consequently, fatigue and ennui are more widespread than ever before. They predispose men to nervous disorders. Fatigue, disease, and sadness invite intemperance. It is not the intemperance of a former generation—the drunkenness of the three-bottle squire or of the luxurious rich. It is the intemperance of the poor, of the hard-worked men and women who live from hand to mouth, and who seek to bring a momentary idealism into their lives by an artificial stimulus. There are preparations of drugs innumerable, advertised everywhere, to add fuel to the fire beneath the cracked boiler, to urge on the jaded and depressed to morbid activity. Cities like flaming lamps attract the multitude like moths. Bad sanitary conditions and crowded tenements beget weak bodies and weak minds, breed immorality and consequent disease. Thus the idea has become more or less prevalent that society is going down hill as fast as heredity, self-indulgence, dissipation, and hard work can make it go.

But this pessimistic conclusion is greatly weakened by other considerations of equal importance. The statistical reports are particularly misleading. As Fere says, the greater the improvement in the care of the insane, the more gloomy the statistical outlook. Almost all those who now suffer from mental diseases are sent to asylums. Indeed, for many kinds of such disorders, there are private asylums and sanitariums to which people go as they would to a quiet hotel. Better accommodations for the patients, a greater number of institutions, the frequency of cures, the tendency to regard insanity as a disease like any other disease, and not as a moral obliquity—all these causes make people more ready to go or to send their afflicted relatives to public or private asylums for better care; thus the number of patients under treatment is increased, though there is no real increase in the number of the insane.

It is well known that the more intellectual classes, and even those who are hard-worked mentally, are not the groups from which most of the inmates of asylums are recruited. The alliance of "great wits with madness" and the eccentricities of men of genius are phenomena too uncommon to be made the basis of a wide generalization. The spread of insanity among certain races and the geographical distribution of insanity in certain regions show how irregular are its conditions. For example, previous to the civil war, insanity was extremely rare among the slaves of the South, but since their emancipation, they have come into competition with the whites, and either for this reason, or because of certain modifications in their life and habits, insanity has been steadily increasing among the negroes. The Indians, on the contrary, have been but little troubled by nervous disorders, either originally or after having been brought under civilizing influences. The energetic competition and rapid development of America seem to have had but little direct influence in producing insanity. Probably the Middle West is the region where life is most active and business most absorbing; but we find that the geographical distribution of nervous diseases is such that the Northeastern States from Maine to New York show an abnormally large proportion of insane patients, that the number decreases as we go farther west, until California is reached, where there are more people, proportionately, in asylums than in any other part of the United States.

Whatever view be taken of the relation of insanity to civilized life, it is at least encouraging that many of the horrors which used to be associated with the treatment of the insane have disappeared. We shall never see a return to the age described by Plato when madness was regarded as a divine inspiration and a blessing; but we may take some comfort from the theories of Moreau and Nisbet, who look upon insanity as a condition of true genius. Thus even the eccentricities of the great, who show symptoms of perversity and certain varieties of mania, may be forgiven when we reflect that the most excellent as well as the worst of the human family may be those who are touched with ecstasy.

ENGLISH EVANGELICALISM.

OXFORD, August 25, 1905.

Evangelicalism was for some seventy years or more—say, broadly, from 1760 to 1835—the religion of the vast majority of serious Englishmen; it created and governed that moral anomaly, "the religious world." Even as late as the Palmerstonian era (1855-1865), the Evangelical party was a power in the land. At that time there existed a sort of alliance between men of undoubted piety, such as Lord Shaftesbury, and a Premier who, though according to his lights a sincere English patriot, never affected to be anything else than an able man of the world, zealous for the greatness of his country. Forty years have passed since the death of Palmerston. Evangelicalism has become a thing of the past. This assertion is no denial of the fact that many Evangelical ideas, belonging as they do to permanent elements of English Protestantism, still exert a great effect. Still less is it a disparagement of the work performed by the Evangelical movement. What is meant is, that this movement, with its defects and its virtues, may well be examined as a thing

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belonging to a period which has passed away.

Before, however, any man attempts to summarize the characteristics of a religious movement, he should remember that every appeal to the moral, the religious, or the spiritual emotions or beliefs of mankind must, if it is successful, share some of the characteristics of the age which it attempts to reform. Innovators have always much in common with their opponents, though this common element is the thing to which reformers and anti-reformers are in general equally blind. Teachers, or preachers, who speak a tongue which no man can interpret, of necessity make no converts. If we ask why Roger Bacon could not open a path for science as effectively as Francis Bacon, or why Wycliff failed where Luther succeeded, the answer is as certain as it is melancholy. The teaching of Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century and the reformation attempted by Wycliff in the fourteenth century missed their mark because few were the disciples who could understand the scientific or religious ideas of the master. Evangelicalism, on the other hand, partook of the weakness no less than of the strength of its age. It was a creed which, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, well met the wants of serious Englishmen. The preachers who, in the England of the eighteenth century, denounced the frivolities, the amusements, and the vices of their time, and by their denunciation reinvigorated practical religion among a society which seemed (though the appearance was to a great extent delusive) full of corruption, were, from one point of view, men of their time. Evangelicalism was closely connected with such eighteenth-century ideas as had taken hold of the English people. This consideration accounts for some, at least, among the characteristics of the Evangelical movement which to students of to-day are almost patent defects.

English Evangelicalism was marked by that prosaic element which underlies the thought and to some extent the sentiment of the eighteenth century. Earnest religious teachers were necessarily men capable of vivid enthusiasm; but enthusiasm or ardent faith is not the same thing as strong imaginative capacity. The fervour, the eloquence, and, above all, the dramatic power of Whitefield, achieved unrivalled rhetorical victories, and assuredly turned or converted whole crowds from darkness to light; but, for all this, no Evangelical writer possessed the imaginative power which lights up even the terrors of Bunyan's Pilgrim with a sort of poetic glow. That teachers whose creed was, after all, a form of Puritanism, should think little of imaginative writing such as poems, dramas, or novels, was almost a matter of necessity; and although it must have had the inevitable effect of blinding Evangelical converts to the æsthetic side of life, and must, moreover, have caused a division between them and moralists, such as Johnson, whose religion, colored as it was by High Churchmanship, allowed him to feel intense interest in polite letters, the common sense and prosaic view of existence natural to men imbued with eighteenth-century ideas and acceptable to business-like Englishmen almost of necessity led to a distrust of everything which could be called mystical.

Though, again, it is the vulgarest error to suppose that the leading Evangelical clergy were men lacking the education attainable in their time in England by industrious students, yet they assuredly undervalued the pursuit of knowledge. They suffered in this matter alike from their opposition to and their sympathy with ideas of their time. Eighteenth-century enlightenment, allied as it was with religious skepticism, inevitably aroused their opposition. The very fact that a "free-thinker" should have become equivalent to an infidel, and an unbeliever have been only too easily identified by religious teachers with an atheist, is significant; but if preachers bent on saving souls had little sympathy with the intellectual movement of their age, it is equally obvious that they derived from their time that aversion to the so-called historical method which was shared at once by Voltaire and by Voltaire's most strenuous opponents. This aversion, however, made the study and indeed the understanding of Biblical history an impossibility; and much of the doctrinal narrowness, as well as of the intolerance in matters of Biblical criticism, which may fairly be imputed to the Evangelicals, was due, in part at least, to intellectual deficiencies fostered by the anti-historical spirit of the eighteenth century. It is, at any rate, noteworthy that the High Churchmen who, from 1834 onwards, attacked the dominant religious opinion of their day, found that their most effective weapons were an appeal to the æsthetic sentiment which has always been closely connected with High Churchmanship, and to such aspects of history as exalted the authority of the Church and told against that belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible which was cherished by the leading representatives of Evangelicalism. Add to all this one cause of weakness which arose from causes peculiar to England. Between the orthodox Nonconformist, such as Robert Hall and Isaac Taylor of Ongar, on the one side, and Venn of Huddersfield and Simeon on the other, there was little difference of fundamental faith, but the Evangelicals properly so called, whether clergymen or laymen, were members of the Church of England; they were also many of them Tories. A fusion between Evangelicals and orthodox Dissenters was therefore, from political causes and historical traditions, an impossibility. Unnatural division has been the cause of unnecessary weakness.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the deficiencies of Evangelicalism are obvious. They explain how it is that a movement which effected so much for England has, like the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, missed its mark. But at this moment it is of far more consequence to note how great were the results in fact worked by Evangelicalism.

To the Evangelical teachers is due an extraordinary revival of practical religion. Wesleyans who gradually separated from the Church, Evangelical clergymen, such as the Venns, who worked within the Church, did in fact accomplish a moral reform the results of which have not perished. Constitutional historians are constantly perplexed by this question: How did it happen that, whilst the government of England was from 1688 onwards all but avowedly based on a system of corruption which often took the form of almost open bribery, yet, from some influence of which it is hard to assign the cause, the public spirit of England improved as time went on; and whilst the anomalies of the Constitution remained unchanged, the moral tone of the country so changed as to reform the working of the Constitution? How was it, to put the same inquiry in another form, that a generation which had been guided or corrupted by Walpole, was succeeded by a generation which adored Pitt; how was it that Chatham handed on his ideal of public spirit to his son; how did it happen that, before the reign of George III. had come to an end, a kind of corruption had become impossible which, when he ascended the throne, statesmen might still practise almost without blame? The answer surely is to be found in the increasing influence of a middle class, the members of which had been aroused by Evangelical teachers to a new sense both of private and of public duty.

Nor did the service rendered to English public life stop here. Those who ask why it was that the passions of the French Revolution evoked on the whole so little sympathy among the English middle classes, find a true though partial answer to their inquiry in the consideration that the Evangelical revival enlisted under the standard of religion the Englishmen who felt most keenly the enthusiasm of humanity. Philanthropy which, on the Continent, was the opponent, became in England the ally, of religious enthusiasm. This is not the place in which to trace the close and intimate connection between English humanitarianism and English Evangelicalism, or to do more than to just note the extent to which, in works of humanity, disciples of Bentham stood side by side with disciples of Wilberforce or of Simeon. So close, however, was this connection that it is absolutely impossible to say whether, towards the end of the eighteenth and during the first half of the nineteenth century, philanthropy or religion did most to promote every effort for the diminution of human suffering. The abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of the negroes are but the crowning triumphs of a policy the lines of which were marked out as much by the religious as by the philosophical reformers of England. To Evangelicalism, then, may be justly ascribed a revival of earnest, practical piety amongst the English middle classes, the moralization of English public life, and the triumph of English humanitarianism.

AN OBSERVER.

Correspondence.

AN UNINTENTIONAL INJUSTICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In to-day's *Nation* is printed a paragraph concerning the volume recently issued by us for Prof. F. W. Bain, 'A Digit of the Moon.' The writer of the paragraph says: "It does not appear whether the present edition is original or pirated."

We are surprised that any writer having to do with the literary department of the *Nation* should not have better knowledge of the uniform policy of our house than to make the implication conveyed in the

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above words. We will now state for his information that, since the date of its foundation by the late G. P. Putnam, our firm has maintained (in advance of and irrespective of any restrictions of international copyright) a consistent routine in issuing American editions of no books by living authors, excepting under arrangement with these authors or their representatives. It is our contention that, with such a record for over half a century, the imprint of the house ought to be sufficient guaranty that a book bearing its imprint is *not* a "piratical publication."

The four stories comprising the volume in question were first printed in Oxford in four separate volumes. The author, Prof. F. W. Bain, now holds a chair in the College of Poonah, British India. He was for a number of years a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and is a personal friend of the writer of this letter. It was our suggestion to Professor Bain that we should be interested in printing in one volume, and in more attractive typographical form than that used for the original issue, the first three stories as published in Oxford. Professor Bain asked us to delay the publication of our American edition until he could complete the fourth story, which is now included in our volume.

We had requested the author to prepare for this volume, addressed to American readers, a general introduction. He decided, however, that the prefaces printed with the four stories as originally issued in the separate volumes ought to meet the requirements. We have, therefore, no preface for the *volume*. The preface which caused the perplexity to your reviewer, bearing date of 1898, has to do simply with the story "A Digit of the Moon," which gives its title to the volume.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

New York, August 31, 1905.

[The word was ill chosen, for we meant not to impugn the publishers' good faith, but to express surprise that nothing in the volume betrayed the fact that it was a reprint of stories which originally appeared some years ago in England. In this sense, "it does not appear [in the volume before us] whether the present edition is original or a reprint" would have been a better phrase, as corresponding to our thought.—Ed. Nation.]

THE HEATH PAPERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am greatly obliged to you for calling attention to the inexplicable blunder in printing Part III. of the Heath Papers, which had not before been brought to my notice. Through the carelessness of some one in the printing-office the electrotype of page 153 of Part II. was used in printing page 153 of Part III., instead of the plate which had been made for the new part. Of course the volumes which have been already distributed will be immediately recalled, and others printed from the proper plates substituted for them, without expense to any one who has received the misprinted volume.—Very truly yours,

Charles C. Smith.

Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, September 1, 1905.

Notes.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s fall list we select 'James Russell Lowell,' by Ferris Greenslet; 'Charles Godfrey Leland,' by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in two volumes; 'Sidney Lanier,' by Edwin Mims; 'James G. Blaine,' by Edward Stanwood; 'American Literary Masters,' by Leon H. Vincent; 'The Chief American Poets of the Nineteenth Century,' edited by Curtis Hidden Page; 'The Words of Garrison: A Centennial Selection, 1805-1905'; 'The Poems of Trumbull Stickney'; Byron's Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works, edited by Paul Elmer More; 'The English Works of George Herbert,' newly arranged, annotated and considered by Prof. George Herbert Palmer; 'The Love Poems of John Donne,' edited by Charles Eliot Norton; 'The England and Holland of the Pilgrims,' by Morton Dexter; 'A Short History of Italy,' by Henry D. Sedgwick; 'The Tsar and the Autocracy,' by a member of the Imperial Court; 'The Valerian Persecution,' by Patrick J. Healy; 'The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut,' by M. Louisa Greene; 'Mount Desert: A History,' by George E. Street; 'A History of the Town of Middleboro, Mass.,' by Thomas Weston; 'A Sketch of Etna and Kirkersville, Licking Co., Ohio,' by Gen. Morris Schaff; 'Louisiana,' by Albert Phelps, and 'Rhode Island,' by Irving B. Richman, in the "American Commonwealths Series"; 'The Proceedings of the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis, September, 1904,' in eight volumes; 'Part of a Man's Life,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; 'Ways of Nature,' by John Burroughs; 'Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico,' by C. William Beebe; 'English Hours,' and 'The Question of Our Speech' (including 'The Lesson of Balzac'), by Henry James; 'The Fixed Period,' by William Osler; 'Noah's Ark,' by E. Boyd Smith; and Holmes's 'One Hoss Shay,' illustrated by Howard Pyle.

A. S. Barnes & Co. will publish during the autumn 'The Journeys of La Salle and his Companions, 1668-1687,' in their original narratives edited and introduced by Prof. Isaac J. Cox of the University of Cincinnati, in two volumes; 'The Voyages and Explorations of Samuel de Champlain, Narrated by Himself,' newly translated by Annie Nettleton Bourne, with an introduction by Prof. E. G. Bourne; and 'The Spanish Explorers,' a uniform edition of the original narratives of De Soto, Coronado, and Cabeça de Vaca, selected from "The Trail Makers."

During the present month, McClure, Phillips & Co. will bring out 'The Torch,' Prof. George E. Woodberry's series of Lowell Institute lectures in 1903. The last four lectures relate to Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish during the present season a history of the Declaration of Independence, by J. H. Hazleton, and the Minutes of the Committee of Safety of the County of Tryon, N. Y., 1774-1775, edited and illustrated with portraits, views, and facsimiles.

Further announcements from Macmillan are 'The Character of Renaissance Architecture,' by Prof. Charles H. Moore of Harvard; 'How to Collect Books,' by J. H. Slater; 'A Handbook of Physiology,' with three-color plates, by Dr. Austin Flint, and 'The Italian Lakes,' painted by Ella DuCane, described by Richard Baghot.

Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J., will publish 'The Building of the City Beautiful,' a social vision, by Joaquin Miller, and 'Cape Cod Ballads, and Other Verse,' by Joe Lincoln.

A 'Motor Year-book,' with many illustrations and diagrams, and a chapter on the law of motoring, is forthcoming from Methuen & Co., London.

The Grimm Society of Cassel has decided to publish its rich collection of unpublished letters and other documents of the Brothers Grimm, with a promise of throwing considerable light on the history of the learned world in the last century. The first volume is to appear early next year.

In five years, even in Edinburgh, things have moved. Otherwise Mr. John Geddie's 'Romantic Edinburgh' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) might safely be commended as a suggestive guide or a meditative memory. But it is an untouched reissue under a new date, and still bears references to 1900 as the year of its origin. We noticed it when it first appeared.

For range of territory traversed and variety of adventure, 'The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie, of Kentucky' (1824-30), just published in Cleveland by the Arthur H. Clark Co. among its "Early Western Travels," is, perhaps, unrivalled in that series. From the Missouri (near Omaha) to Santa Fé, the Gila River, the Colorado, the peninsula of Lower California, the headwaters of the Big Horn and Yellowstone, this adventurer and his father sought furs, and endured wounds and imprisonment from savages and Spanish Mexicans, in the true spirit of frontiersmen. The mere thought of the warlike and ferocious conditions among the Indians here displayed as existing less than seventy-five years ago in a region now traversed by railways, if still sparsely settled, is amazing. There are a few plates of the original editions of 1831.

Another meritorious reprint is of Sylvester Judd's 'History of Hadley' (Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Huntting & Co.), first published in 1863 and edited after the author's death by Lucius M. Boltwood. Judd was the father of his more illustrious namesake, the author of 'Margaret'; and was a diligent and painstaking antiquary. His compilation is replete with authentic information as to manners and customs, and is highly browsable. He tells on page 146 of a squaw who gave tidings of an Indian descent on Hatfield and the adjoining towns in 1675 (during King Philip's war), and was ordered by Capt. Mosely "to be tourne in pieces by dogs, and shee was so dealt withall." "The excessive cruelty and atrocity of the Indians," comments Judd, "their burnings, massacres, and tortures, exasperated the English, and sometimes led Christian men to act like merciless barbarians." At page 261 he records the hanging of Jack, a negro slave of Wethersfield, for house-burning, his dead body being then burnt in the same fire that consumed Maria, another black incendiary, alive. This was done in Boston in 1681. The present reprint is distinguished by an introduction, by George Sheldon, to disprove the legend of the regicide Goffe's apparition for the

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defence of Hadley against the savages. He does strip it of all support, as Hadley was not attacked, but his argument is not very orderly or lucid. Of greater importance are an appendix bringing the town history down to date, an index to the History, and another to Mr. Boltwood's family genealogies, both new. There are also several pleasing and judicious photographic illustrations. A map might have been looked for. The town (native to Gen. Hooker) appears to have been fortunate in escaping a soldiers' monument.

We long ago announced the inception of an enterprise which was sorely needed, viz., an Index of Persons to the first fifty volumes of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. There now lies before us Part 1, Volume I., of this Index—Aaciye—Bigland (Boston: New England Historic Genealogical Society). It agrees in form, of course, with the *Register*, and is in closely but clearly printed triple columns. Its making was directed by Mr. A. P. C. Griffin of the Library of Congress, and by Miss Edna F. Calder of Dedham, Mass., and the editor for the press is a Radcliffe graduate, Miss E. Louise Chapman. There will be eighteen parts in all, issued six yearly. Nothing more need be said to any who are interested in American genealogy. No public library should fail to procure this master-key to the incomparable *Register*.

No date is attached to the Routledge-Dutton one-volume edition from Ellis and Spedding of 'The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon,' but if it be a reprint, the plates are in good condition. To bring all within 1,000 pages, fine print was indispensable, and one can only say that here is the matter for whoever has curiosity and eyesight to pursue it, from the 'Advancement of Learning' to the Essays.

It is a pity that Mr. Wollaston's illustrated 'Sword of Islam' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) cannot be more heartily recommended. It is an omnium-gatherum, having as a nucleus a previous volume, 'Half-hours with Muhammad,' and containing a very anecdotal account of Muslim dynasties, sects, theologists, etc. It consists largely of quotations, often unacknowledged, from most multifarious authorities, and is thus of very inconstant value. The student might find it a curious but unsatisfactory pastime to hunt its "sources," evidently largely European, but the general reader, for whom it is intended, will be sorely befogged. Yet there is a real need in English of some such broad and popular presentation, and this volume may stimulate an interest which it cannot satisfy.

M. Gaston Rouvier's 'La Nièce de M. Jacob Gaspard' (Paris: Charpentier) is a story of some sensational power, working itself out from a humorous description of the village of Niederfelden, which one easily places precisely six miles from the *gare* at Zurich, just at the covered bridge over the Sihl, between Lagnau and Gattikon. Whether there actually is such a village or not, the reader will with difficulty rid himself of the idea that there is, and that the characters of the story live there, droll as they are, and romantic as their doings become when the plot thickens. The usurer who seeks an election, the meeting of hero and heroine on a hill above the village, the country fête, the criminal accusation against a near relative of the heroine, and other like details remind one of 'La Grande Marnière' of Georges Ohnet; and the novel, in its humbler way, endures the comparison very well. We may add that it is entirely free from those distasteful things which are so apt to spoil French fun for us—with the single exception of one incident whose raw brutality might just as well have been veiled. M. Rouvier's characters talk a French that is highly amusing, and his own is not quite that of Paris. He writes "esbrousse" for *esbroufe*, "effiloquée" for *effilochée;* he hears a breaking mirror *tintant* and rustling silk *crisser*, etc.

In view of the lexicon difficulty which all teachers of Hebrew have to face, it may be worth while to draw attention to the Hebrew-German *Taschen-Wörterbuch* just added to the Langenscheidt series. It covers the vocabulary of Genesis, Exodus, Samuel, Kings, Psalms, Isaiah, about half of Joshua and Judges, and some other smaller portions, is evidently accurate and well printed, and costs, in cloth, only two marks. The forms are given very fully, but no passages, of course, can be quoted in its 300 small pages.

The *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* reports that Mommsen had entrusted the posthumous publication of his minor writings to Karl Zangemeister and Otto Hirschfeld. As the former predeceased Mommsen, the work devolved upon Hirschfeld alone, who has just issued the first volume of the new series. The contents are chiefly researches of a legal character, the number of separate articles being sixteen, dealing with problems of Roman and Egyptian law. Mommsen had himself already made a beginning of this collection. The second volume will contain his discussion of Roman jurists and Roman lawbooks; and the third, contributions to the history of Roman law.

We have received the fifth annual report of the commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park, dated March 25. Steady progress is evidenced in the acquisition of new tracts, amounting last year to 438 acres, having a Palisades frontage of 9,500 feet, at a cost of $46,490. A profile map shows the present state of public and private holdings. There yet remains to be acquired a shore frontage of 17,710 feet.

Already several numbers have appeared of a German monthly, *Der Buddhist*, edited by Karl B. Seidenstricker, and published by the Buddistischer Verlag in Leipzig. The contents consist of original articles, translations, essays in apologetics, etc., intended to make the character and scope of Buddhism better known to the Western nations. It is accompanied by a supplementary sheet entitled "Die Buddhistische Welt," and promises to furnish valuable contributions to the comparative study of religions.

Female education in India received a significant impulse at a meeting recently held in London, at which the subject of early marriage was discussed wholly by Indians. The opening paper was read by a young Sikh Sirdar, and, though his supposition as to the origin of the custom was not accepted by some of the speakers, they all denounced it as a curse, whether considered from a physical or a moral point of view. In 1901 the number of wives under five years of age was more than a quarter of a million; between five and ten over two millions; while nearly seven millions were between ten and fifteen. There were, besides, nearly half a million widows under fifteen, of whom 20,000 were less than five. The life of misery to which these poor innocents are condemned, the hardship, the irksome penances, the unmerited shame, are inconceivable to Europeans, the speaker said, yet are enforced by Hindu custom. Reform has been attempted in the native States of Mysore and Baroda by the passing of mild measures of permissive legislation, but this course is not open to the Indian Government, as its policy is one of absolute neutrality in regard to religious customs, except when, as in the case of suttee, they are contrary to natural rights. The eradication of the evil, all agreed, can be accomplished only by female education. The influence of women is as powerful in the East as in the West, and the education of men only will do little towards the mental and moral development of the people, so powerless are they when confronted by the dead wall of female ignorance, prejudice, and superstition.

Oxford was the scene of a significant gathering when a joint conference of trades unions, coöperative societies, and educational authorities met there on August 12 to discuss measures for the promotion of the higher education of workingmen. The Dean of Christ Church presided, and the Bishop of Hereford offered a resolution urging the Board of Education to make inquiry as to the feasibility of enjoining compulsory attendance at evening schools to the age of seventeen. He maintained that the present truncated system of popular education in England involved an amount of waste so great as to constitute an act of national folly, and it was in the direction of continuous education of the people that he looked for the avoidance of this waste and the beginning of a wiser public action with regard to the well-being of the people.

The unemployed were one of the subjects discussed at the recent University Extension Meeting at Oxford. The problem, according to Mr. Masterman, who gave the opening lecture, was not how to treat the paupers or chronic unemployed, nor the casual class who worked only occasionally, but the periodic unemployed. By this term he meant the class which, when trade was good, were required, but when trade was bad were thrown out of employment. The fact must be faced that at intervals a considerable number of workmen would not be required; and when these could be provided for, the problem of the unemployed would be settled. In treating of the remedial side of the question, he warned his hearers not to be misled by the objection to any particular course of action that it was contrary to the law of nature or of political economy. It was for the intellectual part of the nation and not the political to provide some guidance in this matter.

Assyriologists will feel much interest in the cuneiform tablet which has just come into the possession of the University of Liverpool. It was found at Yurghât, north of the Halys, and obtained some months ago at Constantinople by Professor Sayce.

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The long inscription upon it is written in the same tongue and form of script as the two Arzawa letters discovered at Tel el-Amarna. This fact is important, as it gives us a further clue to the situation of the land of Arzawa, with which the Egyptian court held intercourse under the Eighteenth Dynasty. Owing to its numerous Assyrian words and expressions, the new tablet will prove of assistance in explaining the Arzawa texts. In grammar and vocabulary its language is seen to be similar to that brought to light by Professor Sayce when recently deciphering the Hittite hieroglyphic monuments. We find Cappadocia described as "the land of the Hittites."

The Report of the Imperial Library in Tokio for 1904-5, in both Japanese and English, shows that, of the 226 581 books now on the shelves, 45,276 are European. Of 9,415 volumes added during the year, 1,109 were in Occidental languages. Of the eight classifications, that of history, biography, geography, and travels won the greater number of readers; the figures for Chinese and Japanese books being 39,059, and for European 5,530. Literature and language followed next in order, but, as against 37,335 Oriental, there were 10,952 Occidental books. Useful science, encyclopædic and miscellaneous works and the physical sciences follow next in demand. The average of readers on 332 days was 413, the excelling reading months being March, April, May, and June. July and August also drew large numbers, but October, November, and December, when outdoor life is most alluring in Japan, show the lowest figures. The decrease of readers, as compared with the previous year, amounted in the one month of July, 1904, to 10,557, and is manifest in every month until March, 1905—a striking phenomenon of the war. Besides the tables, acknowledgment of gifts, etc., the growth of the library and use of books is shown in the red and black lines of a diagram.

—The Easy Chair, in *Harper's*, discourses pleasantly this month of Mr. Bernard Shaw's self-confessed ability to write as good poetic drama as Shakspere, maintaining that Shakspere could make out a defence for himself against modern detraction not to be invalidated even by the foolish fanaticism of worshippers who can see no defect in him. "He might well stoop from his altar and entreat that ridiculous rabble to be done with their service of praise, and to own him human and full of errors not inconsistent with the merits of what he had had the luck to do, or the chance to do." Apparently "the real editor" did not secure the advice of the Easy Chair as to the value of Mr. Swinburne's critical comment on "Othello," published in the October number of last year. William J. Long takes another turn at the question of animal reason. The one thing that stands out most clearly in this rather overdone discussion is that neither side has thought it worth while to define terms with sufficient precision to get at any conclusions of real scientific value. Mr. Nevinson's account of the new African slave-trade is still in the introductory stage, dealing with Loanda and the country round about. He has no difficulty in showing that the system of contract labor is necessarily pure slavery in practice, since the ignorant natives are utterly powerless to enforce their rights under the contract. But Mr. Nevinson tells as that "there is no need to be hypocritical or sentimental about it. The fate of the slave differs little from the fate of common humanity. Few men or women have opportunity for more than working, feeding, getting children, and death." If this be so, then Mr. Nevinson is on a fool's errand after all.

—The lively passion for historical study and research which for thirty years has possessed Mr. Charles Francis Adams, was created by an invitation in 1874 to deliver a memorial address at the 250th anniversary of the permanent settlement of Weymouth, Mass. That town, originally styled Wessagussett, is second in age to Plymouth, and it chanced to be the birthplace of the orator's great-grandmother, Abigail Smith (Mrs. John Adams). The address, a brilliant beginning, has just been reprinted by the Weymouth Historical Society, together with an excellent one by its secretary, Mr. Gilbert Nash, read in 1882, "Weymouth in its First Twenty Years," and a third by Mr. Adams again, last September. Mr. Adams chose to survey his own past, and on the whole pronounced good his maiden effort; but he now sees, thanks partly to Mr. Nash, that the real interest of the first years of Wessagusett lies in a contest between Church of England settlers and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. "Weymouth was the traditional plague centre of prelatical poison—we designate it Episcopacy—the seat of the Gorges settlement, the abiding place of Morell, the spot whence Blackstone and Walford had emerged. No mercy was to be shown it. The last vestige of the ritual was to disappear from within the limits of the colony of Massachusetts Bay." "Every person on the Massachusetts shore connected with that earlier settlement, the old Gorges 'planters,' so called, was soon or late either harried out of the country, or made so uncomfortable in it that he voluntarily withdrew—in other words, went into exile. Morton of Mount Wollaston, he of Maypole fame, was the first victim."

—This is the capital feature of Mr. Adams's review, and is one more indictment of the Puritans which their apologists must meet. The historian is also now able to show, from a map discovered meanwhile, that the site of the original settlement and of Weston's blockhouse, in which Miles Standish assassinated Wattawamat and his fellow-savages (April 6, 1623), has been improved out of existence as a gravel pit, and is actually subject to tidal overflow. We wish the Society had reproduced this map (borrowing from the Massachusetts Historical Society's facsimile), together with a general shore view from Boston to Wessagussett; moreover, that a table had been appended showing the early settlers year by year, so far as they are namable, and distinguishing the several companies to which they belonged. In other words, we crave a second index, cartographical and chronological. The address would not be Mr. Adams's if it were lacking in original and suggestive excursuses, such as his picking a bone with Longfellow for his feeble handling of the Standish massacre, or his drastic exposure of Revolutionary and civil-war patriotism in the community he is addressing. He would in future crises abolish volunteer enlistments and resort at once to conscription and the draft. Nor does he spare the morality and humanity of the elder day, as in the treatment of the poor or in chastity. "The early church records of Weymouth no longer exist, and, perhaps, it is well for the good names of not a few of your families" that a fire destroyed these records in 1751. Here the allusion is to entries which are found alike in all New England church records, even in Quaker meeting records. Weymouth was simply not an exception.

—The interval between the close of the Summer School and the opening of the college year is long enough for meditation; and the question whether the summer service pays will appeal to many an American professor. It has always been the consolation of this pecuniarily underpaid individual that his deficient wage is in a manner made good by the length of his vacation. When the hard-worked business man has jollied the professor on having such a lazy time of it in summer, the ready answer has been that the three months of leisure are part of his salary. To the old-fashioned schoolmaster type of professor only is the summer season one of rest. Modern professors take but a short vacation from real work. A fortnight's loafing at the end of the college year but prepares them for that which they feel to be their purest pleasure, and investigation or "original work" is their subsequent occupation till the chapel bell begins to toll again. Now so long as summer schools were manned by those to whom original work was an unknown factor in professional life, it was perhaps again to entrap the too-leisurely teacher into making himself useful in the only way he could. But nowadays the summer school boasts that its staff is composed of veritable professors; and, with the addition of Yale to the list, the spectacle of three great Eastern universities turning their professors into perpetual drudges may cause the thoughtful to ask whether it pays either the professor or the university. Six weeks of summer teaching leave little time and less energy for independent work on the part of the professor who joins the teaching staff of the summer school. The summer pupils are mainly teachers who wish to be coached "up to date" in their respective lines. The professor is expected to "do it all," while the quondam teacher, now scholar, takes notes and revises himself with the modern theories which have become current since the teacher-pupil himself left the university.

—This is all very well for this kind of a pupil. It is probably the best way for him to spend his vacation; certainly the cheapest way to "keep up," much less arduous than reading and less expensive than giving up his position to take a year in proper study. But how is it with the professors? It must have occurred to many of the "original work" men who gave instruction to these pupils during July and August, that the few hundred dollars received for their services formed no adequate compensation for the loss of that productive leisure which alone attracts such men toward the academic life. Possibly even the trustees of the universities may be led to inquire whether the entailed loss of original investigation is not also a loss to the reputation of the university. Even from the pedagogical point of view, it is

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open to doubt whether six more weeks of harassing teaching will leave the professor in good trim for his winter's grind. At any rate, for the professor himself, it threatens to become a serious problem whether he can afford this sacrifice, and for the trustees whether it is well to encourage the younger men, whose leisure for their own investigations is almost confined to the summer months, to cut so large a slice from the time given to them for their own intellectual advancement, the output of which is, or should be, the chief care, as it is the chief glory, of every university worthy of the name.

—To their series of books illustrated in color, Messrs. A. & C. Black (Macmillan) have added 'Ireland,' described by Mr. Frank Mathew. It is refreshing to read for once an account of Ireland's beauties rather than her sorrows. She is the island of saints, of ruins, of the sepulchral calm that follows storms and strife, of an indifference that is only the passive side of discontent. Passion, not action, is the true expression of her spirit under those soft gray skies that almost touch the land. The history of her romantic past, her foreign settlers from Denmark and Norway and Spain, her long resistance of the English, her absorption of English colonists till they became more Irish than the born Celts, all the picturesque outlines of the story of the four provinces Mr. Mathew tells effectively enough. In such a book little was needed beyond an objective description of Ireland as she strikes the eye. The main motive of the volume lies in the seventy-seven page illustrations in color by Mr. F. S. Walker. They are beautiful, and admirably reproduced, but they will satisfy no one that knows Ireland. It is not that the colors are too vivid. There are days in Ireland now and then when the sky is as blue and cloudless as on the shore of the Mediterranean, and there is no water bluer than the mountain tarns or the Atlantic on the west coast. But one misses in nearly all Mr. Walker's pictures the inevitable grays and dull browns that soothe the eye on the brightest Irish day. His browns are too red, his favorite purple is a shade that we have never seen under the Irish sky. He has neglected the opportunities of heather and loosestrife and gorse that make all the beauty of Irish hills. In some cases he has sacrificed truth to prettiness. Nothing is so rare in the remote districts as the picturesque peasants who sit in his neat cabins; his street in Galway has the coloring of Naples, yet nowhere are the tints of dress and stone so subdued as in those old, decaying, sordid streets. As for the picture called "Wild Rhododendrons in Connemara," we can safely say that there is no such thing as a wild rhododendron in all Galway, and the tourist who should take this bit of Kylemore garden as representative of Connemara's gloomy scenery would be much disappointed in the reality. Ireland is a sadder, grayer country than Mr. Mathew has described or Mr. Walker painted.

—France has succeeded better than any other European country in thoroughly blending the diverse constituents of its population, and it is not likely that an effort at political independence will ever be made by one of these sections. The movement, however, for separating the South intellectually from the domineering North, which began about the middle of the last century, has not died out, and the leader of that movement, Frédéric Mistral, is still living at the village of Maillanne. He will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday on the 8th of this month, apparently the sole survivor of the band of seven poets who formed the "Félibre" Association, the object of which has been to restore the literary glory of Provence. In the South he is idolized; his bust is in all museums, his photograph in the shop windows. The bestowal on him, last year, of a Nobel prize of $40,000 (one-half of which he promptly turned over to the Provençal Museum founded by him at Arles), made his halo still more luminous. In *Die Ziet* of Vienna Dr. Georg Wegener gives an interesting account of a visit he paid the aged poet at his elegant villa. Mistral himself responded to the bell and opened the gate for his visitor. He is still good looking, enjoys excellent health, and his mind is bright and active. Secluded from the world, he spends most of his time with his books. He showed his visitor, among other things, a bookcase containing about a hundred volumes of manuscript letters, alphabetically arranged, his correspondence of half a century. "There is much that is interesting in these volumes," he said, and when asked if he intended to publish any of them he replied: "Non, je suis un peu rassasié de publicité." He added, however, that he had just completed his Memoirs, which were to appear at the same time in Provençal and French. Of his letters, he said the majority and the most important were from Daudet. While he professed the greatest admiration for that writer, he nevertheless laughed at his exaggerated representations of the Southern Frenchman in many of his books. In truth, he said, Daudet was more excitable than any of his characters; and he told how Daudet, as a young man, once jumped from the old Roman bridge at Nîmes into the torrent below, though he could not swim, simply *par bravade*, following, like his Tartarin, a sudden impulse.

STUBBS'S LETTERS.

Letters of William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford. 1825-1901. Edited by W. H. Hutton, B.D. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir George Trevelyan, in opening his classical life of Macaulay, gave two reasons to support his belief that the public would welcome a biography of his uncle. One of these was the phenomenal popularity of Macaulay's works, and the other, the impossibility of discovering from them the nature of the writer's habits and disposition. Mr. Hutton would hardly be able to make the first of the above claims on behalf of Bishop Stubbs, since, whatever may have been the merits of his writings, they never passed outside a narrow circle of scholars. But when it comes to the note of impersonality in the published word, Stubbs kept himself out of sight much more completely than did Macaulay, and hence, on the second ground which Sir George Trevelyan suggests, there is a peculiarly strong appeal in the present case to the reader's curiosity. Thus, Mr. F. W. Maitland has said that on finishing the last volume of the 'Constitutional History' he could not have told how the author would vote, and that, had he hazarded a guess, it would have been a wrong one. Even those who came in close contact with Stubbs found it difficult, as his biographer shows, to fathom the depths of his reserve. He was a most generous man and full of humor. Those who had the honor of his intimate friendship, whether ecclesiastics like Church and Liddon, or historians like Freeman and Green, could have felt no doubt regarding his qualities or his quality. On the other hand, where the relationship was official rather than personal, one might meet him for years without forming a just appreciation of his temper and ideals. This fact is to be associated with his intense dislike of everything that resembled affectation or a parade of feeling.

The career of one who from a servitorship at Oxford rose to be Bishop of that diocese and Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, is necessarily a record of unusual powers put forth with steadiness and outward success. But the yardstick which is suited to the measurement of most bishops and chancellors of the Order of the Garter does not apply to Stubbs. Mr. Hutton, who is appreciative without suffering from *lues Boswelliana*, opens the present volume with these words:

"When the history of the intellectual movements of the Victorian Age in England comes to be written, one name will stand out in the science to which it belongs as the name of Butler stands out in the religious philosophy of an earlier day. A great school arose in the middle of the nineteenth century, which embodied and expressed the enthusiasm of the time for an ordered study of the past. Of the workers in that school, the greatest was William Stubbs, and his fame, if it be possible for the generation which knew him to predict it, should be beside that of Gibbon as the greatest historian of his country and his age."

Mr. Hutton is fond enough of this comparison with Gibbon to use it several times. To us it seems not altogether a happy one, quite apart from the attitude of the two men towards Christianity. At any rate, Stubbs, whether or not the chief of English historians since Gibbon, stands first in his class, and is entitled to almost as much homage as Mr. Hutton would have us pay him.

Nothing could be farther removed from what is merely brilliant or spectacular than the virtues and attainments which are here described. Stubbs's parts were solid rather than showy, and such was the thoroughness of both his character and his preparation that at every step of his advance he had an adequate reserve fund of power. His enthusiasms and beliefs were stronger than those professed with volubility by the leading historians of his day, for he had the reticence which often accompanies depth of conviction, while a remarkable sense of fairness prevented him from looking out for tactical advantages. His most inbred trait was conservatism—not the stiffness and stubbornness of a narrow reactionary, but a trait of mental constitution which furnished him with principles no less sacred than were those of radicalism and progress to Mazzini. In religious matters he was a high-churchman, and for all his love of freedom he never had any leaning towards Whiggery. During the summer of 1859 he wrote: "I have lost all respect for Bright—I never had any for Lord John." In another sphere it was a singular chance which

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made Algernon Swinburne his private pupil, and, though their points of view must have been violently antagonistic, the two seem to have been very good friends. Stubbs appreciated Swinburne's gifts much more thoroughly than Jowett did at the same period, and the poet has recently written of his old tutor: "It would be impossible for me to say with what cordial and grateful regard I shall always remember him. His kindness was as exceptional as his other great qualities. I am sure no young man who ever had the honor to be his pupil—however little credit the pupil may have done him—can remember his name without affection as well as admiration."

We have dwelt for a moment upon the most marked of Stubbs's traits before taking up the incidents of his life, because there is little in the outward development of his career which distracts one's attention from the *nœud vital* of personality. He was born in 1825 at Knaresborough, and belonged by class to the rugged, tenacious yeomanry of Yorkshire. His father, William Morley Stubbs, was a solicitor who died at forty-two, leaving his widow and six children in narrow circumstances. For the excellent education he received, Stubbs was indebted to the self-denying care of his mother and to the good offices of her friends, particularly Dr. Longley, then Bishop of Ripon and afterwards Primate. When at nineteen he became a servitor at Christ Church, Oxford, his deep interest in religious matters had already begun to disclose itself, and he had taken a first step towards mastering the mediæval history of England by deciphering the original documents preserved at Knaresborough Castle. But few men have ever owed a deeper debt of gratitude to their university for training of faculty or enlargement of horizon than did this Yorkshire boy, whose poverty and sense of filial duty gave him a stern incentive to make the most of his advantages. The first-class in classics which he took at graduation is at least a proof of his diligence, and years afterwards he told one of his sons that he thought he could have taken a first in mathematics but for the prohibitive cost of the books. Of equal importance were the impression which his scholarly habits and breadth of reading made upon Dr. Gaisford, the Dean of Christ Church, and the profound satisfaction which was felt in his progress by his patron the Bishop of Ripon.

By a striking coincidence, Stubbs, as fellow of Trinity, took the place that Freeman vacated through his marriage, and, while holding this post during the years 1848-1850, he began, self-aided, the more technical part of his training for historical research. Theology and early church history were his chosen subjects at the moment when he left behind him the routine of a prescribed curriculum and began to voyage alone through the strange seas of independent scholarship. His ordination and settlement in the country parish of Navestock gave final direction to his activities by making him a professional ecclesiastic and giving him leisure for historical study. The latter statement must not be taken to imply that Stubbs performed his parochial duties with less diligence than might have been devoted to them by a priest of the Chaucerian type. For over sixteen years he did his work as parson with the zeal of a truly religious man, and a systematic thoroughness which was inseparable from all his acts. If he found time to write monographs on the mediæval chronicles of England, such as have furnished the Rolls Series with its choicest prefaces, it was because he had abundant vigor and intense power of application. Often in the solitudes of his Essex parish he found the lack of books a bitter hardship, but the great historical texts of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries he mastered there with a completeness of knowledge which would have been unequalled even without his grasp of critical principles. During the same years Darwin at Down and Stubbs at Navestock were gaining an assured control of their very different subjects. Country life does not always benumb the mind with a round of soporific pleasures.

The work which Stubbs did as an editor for the Rolls Series placed him in the front rank of contemporary historians, and gave him confidence to apply for the librarianship of the British Museum on Panizzi's death, in 1865. Though his candidature proved unsuccessful, the testimonials which were forthcoming on his behalf bore witness to the unstinted admiration which had been evoked among specialists by his 'Chronicles and Memorials of Richard I.' His editions of Benedict of Peterborough, Roger Hoveden, Walter of Coventry, William of Malmesbury, and other monastic annalists, belong for the most part to the period when he was Regius professor of history at Oxford. This appointment, which was given him by Lord Derby in 1866, he continued to hold until Gladstone made him Bishop of Chester eighteen years later. It was during his tenure of the history chair that his *magnum opus* was written and published, the 'Constitutional History of England,' in three volumes, which beyond all question is the finest work of its kind in our language. Stubbs was an extremely rapid as well as accurate writer, a fact which could not easily be guessed from his cautious and guarded form of utterance. He was at his best in dealing with the large historical problems that centre round the rise and progress of institutions, but no form of historical inquiry was destitute of interest for him. His command of genealogy was phenomenal, and not to be surpassed by the knowledge of German intermarriages which George II. possessed in the eighteenth century, and Dr. A. W. Ward has at present. His familiarity with the main movements of European history at large was also wide and detailed. That he should exercise a profound influence at Oxford through his lectures was rendered impossible by the nature of the educational system there established, and one may doubt whether under other conditions his influence would have extended beyond the ranks of genuine scholars. For those who could profit by it his personal stimulus was strong, but his gifts were very different from the gifts of Michelet.

Between 1878, when the last volume of his 'History' was finished, and 1889, when his connection with the Rolls Series ceased, Stubbs edited six volumes of Chronicles and gave various lectures at Oxford. The bulk of his historical work, was, however, completed when, in 1879, he accepted from Disraeli the canonry at St. Paul's, which had just been rendered vacant by Lightfoot's appointment to the See of Durham. The five years during which he held the office of canon were endeared to him by a close and affectionate friendship with Dean Church, whose love of history and cast of theological opinion furnished a double bond of intellectual and spiritual kinship. The translation from Oxford and London to Chester, with its episcopal duties and different associates, cut Stubbs largely off from the occupations by which he had first risen to eminence, and in which his real happiness lay. "Whatever you do," wrote a clergyman in the diocese of Oxford to his biographer, "do not say that he was a great bishop." "Perhaps," continues Mr. Hutton, "it shows a mutual misunderstanding that I find the bishop describing one of this clergyman's letters to him as 'insolent.' And yet there were few better bishops or better priests than these two. But, certainly, in the sense in which greatness is to be predicated of modern bishops, Bishop Stubbs was not, at Oxford, great."

In this passage a distinction is clearly drawn between the efficient work of administration which Stubbs did in the diocese of Chester and his comparatively ineffectual rule of Oxford between 1889, when he was translated to that more important see, and his death in 1901. To discuss his acts as bishop, whether at Chester or Oxford, is no port of our purpose, but we may be permitted to conjecture that most of the adverse criticisms which were cast upon his labors in this capacity sprang from difference of theological outlook or difference of theory regarding the mode of disharging episcopal functions. Certainly there is nothing to show that Stubbs grew less conscientious or laborious during the last years of his life than he had been in his prime. If we were concerned to emphasize the religious and ecclesiastical aspects of his career, many passages might be taken from the letters published by Mr. Hutton to show that he did not make a mistake when he accepted the bishopric of Chester, even though this step meant the relinquishment of his labors in the field of history. We must avoid creating the impression that Stubbs in the rôle of bishop was a failure, save when judged by a high standard of effectiveness. It was, perhaps, his misfortune that, the character of his work down to 1884 having been unexceptionable, he should have undertaken an office wherein a very rare and peculiar combination of gifts is required to secure perfect success.

Religion was the mainspring of Stubbs's effort, the centre of his inner existence, but the talents which he possessed were not distinctively those of the ecclesiastic. At Chester, people cared little for his sermons because, as one observer points out, it required a little thought to appreciate them. He was a true-hearted man whose genuineness forbade parade of emotion, even if his keen sense of humor had not led him to suspect exaggeration. Regarding his love of jest and drollery there is material for a whole article, and doubtless many honest, unsprightly clergymen thought his manners unprelatical. When at Oxford he had for domestic chaplain the Rev. E. E. Holmes, in whom he placed implicit trust and to whom he began letters as "Dear Vizier," "Dear Monseigneur," "My dear Oeconomus," "My dear Trea-

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surer," "My dear Cardinal," etc. The body of correspondence that he addressed to Mr. Holmes is particularly striking because it shows how he could pause amid the press of tedious and irksome business to console himself with a bit of fun or a touch of caustic criticism like this, apropos of a sermon: ". . . was exasperating; the world could not have been saved but for the faith of the B. V. M., and miracles were impossible unless somebody or other had faith"; and again, of the same person: ". . . . excelled himself on Sunday; five minutes' sermon in the morning, fifteen in the evening; absolute trash; no redeeming point at all, and dogmatic. Ugh."

The nature of Stubbs's playfulness is to be seen most clearly in the doggerel verses which he composed with great ease, and used as a means of relieving tension at times of high pressure. After his translation to Oxford he was compelled to reside at the episcopal palace of Cuddesdon, much against his will, for he did not take pleasure in rural pursuits and grudged the money he had to throw away in maintaining what semeed an idle form of state. It was not without protest that he took up his residence there, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury politely declined to let him give up his country seat, he sought relief at Whitsuntide of 1889 in writing an elaborate parody on Alexander Selkirk. It begins:

> "I am Bishop of all I survey,
> Dean and Chapter don't matter a fig,
> In the central demesne of the See
> I am master of Peacock and Pig.
> O Cuddesdon, where can be the charms
> The Commissioners see in thy face?
> Kettle Hall had been better by far
> Than this most inaccessible place."

The most celebrated, however, of Stubbs's jests—and some of our readers may be pleased to know that it was a great favorite with John Fiske—took the form of a double hit at Kingsley and Froude. Kingsley had just been attacking the credibility of history in his farewell lecture at Cambridge, while Froude, as Lord Rector of one of the Scottish universities, had been impugning the veracity of the clergy. In a letter to Green (December 17, 1890), written from Kettel Hall, Oxford, where he lived during his tenure of the history chair, Stubbs says: "I have made a hymn on Froude and Kingsley; thus—

> 'Froude informs the Scottish youth
> That parsons do not care for truth.
> The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
> History is a pack of lies.
> What cause for judgment so malign?
> A brief reflexion solves the mystery—
> Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.' "

Of Stubbs the historian we have not attempted to speak in this notice of Mr. Hutton's excellent biography, wishing to keep his character in the foreground rather than that splendid body of accomplishment with which all scholars are familiar. But since he brought to the study of the past a most unusual combination of gifts, we hope at some future time to estimate the extent of his services to historiography. Whoever would attempt such criticism will find a vast amount of material and suggestion in the present volume.

THE ART PRESERVATIVE.

Printing: A Practical Treatise on the Art of Typography, as applied more particularly to the Printing of Books. By Charles Thomas Jacobi. 3d ed., revised and enlarged. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

The Book of Specimens, Stanhope Press. Boston: F. H. Gilson & Co. 1904.

Author and Printer: A Guide for Authors, Editors, Printers, Correctors of the Press, Compositors, and Typists. . . . An Attempt to Codify the Best Typographical Practices of the Present Day. By F. Howard Collins. Henry Frowde. 1905.

After Mr. De Vinne's model series, "The Practice of Typography," Mr. Jacobi's manual must needs appear both less full and less clear. The English author, though he has published many volumes on his craft and writes from the vantage ground of the Chiswick Press, is neither very skilful nor orderly in his presentation. Still, he is a late-comer, and, for example, besides the Linotype and Monotype, he has a more novel typesetting and distributing machine to describe, and much may be learned from his pages regarding the usages and technical terminology of the English printing-office: *e. g.*, font is fount, and form is forme; the proofreader's copyholders are here designated as reading-boys, implying a non-use of women so commonly employed among us, just as librarians' assistants across the water are assumed to be young men only. The rates of pay, again, afford an interesting comparison with those in vogue in the United States. An appendix gives the examination papers in typography of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the years 1902-04, apparently prepared by Mr. Jacobi as examiner. We are not aware that any such discipline exists in this country. These are followed by a glossarial index, and this in turn by bound-in samples of paper, which usefully supplement the tables, diagrams, and practical illustrative cuts of the text.

Specimens of book paper bulk largely in the Specimen Book of the Stanhope Press, and are attended by a goodly number of samples of cloth and leather for binding, with their technical names. The rest of the book exemplifies the respectable resources of this Press in ordinary and special work; but the only readable portion is a brief chapter on illustrative processes, including the three-color.

Mr. Collins's manual is a dictionary, though this would not be guessed from the title-page, wherein it is stated that the compiler is author of 'An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.' From this fact might be inferred a certain eccentricity which marks the present production. Mr. Spencer, by the way, is quoted in the preface as throwing his weight with Dr. Murray in favor of the suffix *-ize* (as opposed to *-ise*); and later, under " 'and' or, ',and,' " as very characteristically standing up for the comma after the penultimate of a series of coördinate adjectives, *e. g.*, "black, white, and green," an equal emphasis being claimed for each. Mr. Collins startles us with the assertion in his preface that "every work in the following list of 'Authorities Consulted' was read through, and all suitable words, phrases, etc., copied on 15 separate slips." Now among these authorities are Larousse, the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Oxford English Dictionary, and the London *Times!* But what was the needle he was looking for in this mighty haystack? He nowhere tells us distinctly, his clearest pointing being towards words likely to be met with in general reading and spelt in more than one way; and certain foreign phrases because the accents are generally bungled (leaving out of sight those in several languages which have no accents). But this is a very inadequate account either of his criteria or his contents, as will appear.

And first, what were the "suitable" words for his card catalogue, which were to be three times sifted by many learned and experienced colaborers? On page one occur *Abbildung* and *Aberglaube*, for no reason discoverable on our part; and Abeokuta in Western Africa, as there is a danger that it may be spelt Abb-. But is this a word the general reader is liable to encounter? Emily Faithfull is entered—perhaps because some might spell Faithful; just as we are reminded under Whistler that his middle name, McNeill, must have a double *l*. But suppose one is in doubt if Edward FitzGerald capitalized his *g:* he will not find Old Fitz in Mr. Collins's list. Lafayette, as the name of our American College, we are told is one word; but the great Frenchman's practice, or modern practice, regarding it goes unindicated, though the French are very loose in writing such compounds.

We will now give some idea of what has come to the surface in Mr. Collins's dragnet. Under "Abbreviations" he lays down the rule that the period must invariably be used except with the shortened forms of counties, to which he refers, but not to "per cent," which he denies the period. "Assemblies" gives a handy list of the names of national parliaments. Under "Authorities" is well displayed the conventional mode of citation, as of act, scene, line, etc. "Chess" marshals a number of names of leading players. "Division of Words" deals curtly with a very difficult subject thus: "Never separate a group of letters representing a single sound; and so divide a word that each part retains its present sound." Hence pho-*tog*-ra-phy; but the digraph *tr* in the next instance, sub-*trac*-tion, pleads for *gr* being united in the previous word. May not each be called "a single sound"? But again: what light does the rule throw on such problems as disgrac-ed, advanc-ing, chang-ing? Do the roots here retain for *c* and *g* their "present sound"? "Forbear" is declared better usage than "forebear" (ancestor), yet, since one may choose, why not follow the spelling less likely to cause confusion of different words, while better revealing the etymology? "Italian" covers alphabet, punctuation, etc.; and, as for accents, "there are two, grave and acute—any vowel may have either." This is misleading, as if their use were perfectly arbitrary, and it throws no light on the actual employment of grave and acute, which has undergone a change in quite recent years; the circumflex, too, has its function. Under "Law," the curious fact is recorded that there is "practically no punctuation used in [British] legal documents." Under "Press (freedom of the)," we read, also for Great Britain: "Every person who prints anything for hire or reward must, under a penalty of £20, keep one copy at least of the matter print-

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ed, and write on it the name and place of abode of the person who employed him to print it." This refers to the statutes 32 and 33 Vict., ch. 24.

"Punctuation" occupies seven pages in double columns, and is introduced with the statement that "the chief difficulty lies in the use of comma, semicolon, and period." This is far from true, and, in fact, Mr. Collins yields as much space to the hyphen as to the comma, and more than to the period. The hyphen is really by all odds the most troublesome point to reduce to rules, and Mr. Collins's treatment of it is anything but masterly. For its use in the division of words, one must refer to that earlier rubric. We are at one with our author in thinking needless any reinforcement of the dash with the comma, and we note that his preferred English usage is *not* to place a comma after the street number. This we were hardly prepared for, as the use still prevails in private correspondence. A hundred years ago, American printing-offices, and not a few writers, followed the English style in this particular, and, as we first emancipated ourselves, our British cousins may be said to have adopted one more Americanism. The period is required after Roman numerals "except when these refer to page numbers, or another stop follows"; but a better rule would be, "except when it can be dispensed with without liability to confusion." The lower-case Roman numerals in especial are always liable to appear like fragments of a word of which some letters have dropped out.

In conclusion, we can pronounce this compilation useful, if almost without rhyme or reason and certainly not highly authoritative. We are not likely to turn to it to discover, under "Pagination," that Leslie Stephen would have had every page of a book numbered; or that Leveson-Gower is pronounced "loo'sn-gor." And if we follow it implicitly, we may fall from the frying-pan of Prchevalsky into the (prescribed) fire of Prjevalski, which is not to be compared for phonetic utility with Przhevalsky.

The Yellow War. By "O." McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

Partial evidence that a participant's version of his personal share in a battle is true, is its restricted range. When a junior presumes to describe the operations of others under fire, it may safely be assumed that he himself took no part, for he should have been too fully occupied with his own duties to observe others. Judged by that canon, the verisimilitude of these sketches, particularly those of the sea, is high; and the anonymous author consciously recognized the rule when he wrote: "Those who would know of war should learn of it from the standpoint of the humblest atom that goes to furnish the whole." "To follow the fortune of the whole is but to indifferently usurp the rôle of the historian" (p. 238) Despite its split infinitive, that represents a fundamental condition. Nor need we doubt that, as claimed, every character in these tales represents a living actor. There is too much corroborative evidence in the less vivid accounts by professional war correspondents to question the substantial truthfulness of these. Their charm lies not merely in fidelity to nature, but in reproducing the underlying and controlling spiritual conditions; in bringing before one the actors' hearts, in presenting exalted patriotism, and scorn or mastery of frost and heat, fatigue and hunger, perils by sea and by land—all in the country's service. The exploits themselves appeal as adventures to the spirit of adventure. But there is more. There is a moral, not introduced as such, but running along the lines with each. "The Naval Sub-Lieutenant's Story," for instance, is typical of how any well-trained young officer of the white race, ambitious to retrieve disaster, would carry himself, with incidental recognition of Russian inefficiency. It describes, lucidly enough for a landsman to follow, the preliminary affairs and the great battle that shattered the Pacific (not the Baltic) fleet. The narrator ends: "But this I can promise you, my friend—that, even if it takes Russia ten years to build another and an adequate fleet, and if it is manned by the same material as the last, it will sweep everything in these waters before it. We have learned our lesson." That is an aspiration. It is an unlikely prophecy to come true in a decennium.

The Japanese characters are faithful to that exalted, or transcendental, patriotism which the war has unveiled, but clearly has not created. Both the spirit of the nation and its achievements are marvellous. But that spirit has not been born since Mississippi Bay was renamed for Perry's flagship. It is in the blood; and this superb loyalty, the never-ceasing loyalty of the insignificant as well as of the great, sprung from ages of affectionate reverence, is the crowning grandeur of Dai Nippon. Japan's mechanical successes are the outcome of centuries of hereditary skill concentrated, since the awakening, upon civil and military engineering, warships and ordnance, agencies for physical defence. Stories like these would have been incredible before the opening of the present drama; there was no precedent in Oriental life, as far as that life was known across the sea, for either fact or sentiment as here described. We do not err in accepting these tales as real now, although some of the settings may be imaginary, and the man with red blood will complete every one of them that he begins to read. Women, because they reverence courage, will find the chivalry of the past revived in "Champions," and will weep, as men's hearts will tremble, over "The Sacrifice of O-Teru-San." Partly because O-Teru-San might make it, but chiefly because Tanaka, after accepting that sacrifice, could abandon the devoted soul, is the spirit of Japan—superb in its public relation, awry and out of harmoney in essential delicacy and vital honor. This incident need not be typical, but only reasonably possible, to condemn the society in which it may occur.

The author writes of what has happened, not of the future; and Western blood and Western thought, Western sentiment if one will, do not flow easily in Eastern channels. Evidently what may be is not clear to him. He does not put the question aloud, but he may be asking himself what future awaits this new Power. The Elder Statesmen may counsel political isolation, in succession to the old-time seclusion. They may realize that national poverty, a certain difference in mental constitution, the waste of the Pacific and the bulk of Asia separate them from the other world of action; and, with the Russian danger shaken off, it would be better to maintain a dignified but kindly isolation. But will young Japan acquiesce? Has she not in China an inexhaustible reservoir of men-at-arms—not her own impetuous heroes, perhaps, but, properly led, an economical, intelligent, swarming infantry, resistless from its very multiplicity? Is not China an infinite storehouse of agricultural and mineral wealth, scarcely touched by modern methods? And, however the Japanese may affect to despise Mongols and Mantchus alike, do they not understand the working of the Chinese mind, and do they not know that they do? May not the political and commercial equilibrium of the future be menaced? The storyteller lingers on the remark he attributes to a typical modern Japanese: "You can teach us how to build ships and guns, . . . but you can teach us nothing in diplomacy."

Originally contributed to *Blackwood*, and on its face a collection of detached recitals, many of them thrilling, but not incredible, this volume, when carefully read, reveals more than tales of adventure. The anonymous writer is clearly distrustful and unsympathetic, but he tries to be impartial. Hard conditions were imposed upon the official observers. "Courteous discourtesy hedged them in on every side," and want of frankness leads to some holding-off. "The Japanese officer in charge of the foreign guests brought his spurred heels together with a snap, bowed low, smiled his superior smile, and expressed his sympathy. This sympathy was as insipid and cheap as the Japanese imitation of lager which the unwilling hosts produced on feast days" (p. 98). The irritation must have been severe for an English gentleman to express himself thus in print. Climate and food, when both are poor, do react upon the equanimity. In the mouth of a Japanese, and as antedating the war is put (p. 92):

"Don't be gulled by the enthusiasm of fanatical savants. There is one creed which rules all Japanese public morality. Balance the chances, and then pursue the wisest course. All conditions must be subservient to the means by which you attain and maintain the wisest course. Take, for instance, our alliance with you [the English]. . . . It is not what we desired most. . . . It would have suited us better to have effected the alliance with Russia which Ito failed to negotiate. This alliance would have been offensive against you. Having with Russia's aid undermined your power in the Far East, we could have dealt with Russia in our time. . . . Are you so blind as not to see that our aspirations to blot you out, our main menace in the Far East, failed through Russia's rapacity? Well, her blood be upon her own head, but there are those who wish it had been the other way."

Whether this was ever formulated, and most probably it never was, it is evident that the writer regards it as thinkable, and that, with intense admiration for the rank and file in their appropriate place, he has a doubt as to the advantage Japan's rise into a world-power will be to Britain. Except to say that this profession of Japanese strategy does not commend itself to us as probable, there is no occasion for comment. "The Path in the East is Strange," from which this long extract has been taken, will bear reading more than once. The probabilities, but not the possibilities, are against it, but its gruesome

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climax, which would show that Western lacquer may be a removable dressing on occasion, is not quite four-square with the incidents as recorded.

Nos Enfants au Collège. Par le Dr. Maurice de Fleury. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905. 18mo, jésus, pp. 315.

Six years ago, almost to a month, we noticed a volume of fifty thousand words (the present one has not seventy thousand), by Dr. Fleury, entitled 'Le Corps et l'Âme de l'Enfant,' a very sensible and detailed book, readable by mothers, concerning the bringing up of children from three to fifteen, and strongly marked by the characters of a medical man and of a Frenchman impressed by Anglo-Saxon superiority. He was full of Herbert Spencer, in whom he admired a trait which it needed his fine observation to discover, Spencer's wit and humor. It seems that that volume contained the results of studies which the author had been led to make by his having a son of his own; and the same circumstance has caused the present sequel. Dr. Fleury's ways of thinking remain what they were, those of a physician interested in psychology, and given, for example, to going about and asking many people the same question in order to tabulate the answers. He is not at present in quite so admiring a mood toward the Anglo-Saxons. In his former volume he marched under the Anglomaniac banner of Demolins, talked of our "vital superiority," our "vigor of expansion," and so forth. At present, he wishes it distinctly understood that he does not agree with Demolins, and talks of Anglo-Saxons, especially the American breed, as pirates eaten up with jingoism and imperialism.

For the moment, he is strenuously in favor of the suppression of Latin as a general study for boys. He says he could formerly recite the entire second book of the Aeneid, and now could not read it without a dictionary. Does this mean that if a man has once read a book, and subsequently is for any reason in no condition to reread it and cannot repeat much of it, the reading can have done him no good? He gives about five pages of quotations from a book by André Beaunier, in which we are told that there are only five or six works in Latin that are worth reading, and that the principal reason for learning it is that it enables one to understand the formation of French words. Dr. de Fleury himself speaks as if one of the chief reasons for learning Greek is that it furnishes information of the meanings of technical terms such as "telegram." Really, it does not heighten one's respect for a writer on education to learn that, knowing Latin and Greek, he has found them of no service to him.

The author is alive to the medical side of educational questions; he has read physiological psychology and takes it into account, and he has the physician's skill in dealing with situations that he does not half comprehend. There is much good sense in the book. Thus, it is rightly insisted that the greater part of the labor of mental work consists in getting one's mind riveted down upon the problem in hand. This has been said often enough before. It accounts for a powerful intellect's need of a physical constitution which can go long without sleep or food, the first few hours being unproductive drag. Of course, it is as undesirable as it is impossible that boys and girls should accomplish any memorable thinking; and it is also true that very young children can gather all the mental power in their possession in a few minutes. But this is far from being the case with the big boy. In one hour he will not have got his second wind, he will not have reached the stage of enjoyment of mental work; and if at the end of one hour he is invariably set upon doing something else, it is the inexorable law of psychology that he should look upon study as thoroughly disagreeable. Who could ever write a book if his attention were entirely taken off from it for five minutes every hour? The really fine thinking is done in seconds; but hours must prepare for them, and many more hours must seize upon the product of these seconds and utilize it.

As in his former volume Dr. Fleury gave two highly useful chapters to the study of "l'enfant colère," two to "l'enfant peureux," three to "les paresseux," and one "sur le mensonge," among other subjects of the same order, so here he does not fail to consider the proper plan of treating inattention, the *mauvais vouloir*, and other things which some people still seem to think beyond the scope of science. His book has three parts: "La Vie Physique," in 44 pages; "La Vie de l'Esprit," in 150 pages, and "La Vie Morale," in 91 pages. It is not a great work; but it is a very agreeable and extremely useful series of talks.

The Memoirs of an American Citizen. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In an earlier novel Mr. Herrick showed how the sight of the success of the unscrupulous, and the desire to get rich at least as quickly as one's neighbors, may corrupt a man who starts in life with the most honorable intentions. The 'Common Lot' was an unpleasant picture of the conditions of the building industry in Chicago, but the collapse of the hero together with his shoddy structures left the reader with comfortable assurance that justice had limped behind to some purpose and was well up with the wrong-doer. In the 'Memoirs of an American Citizen' Mr. Herrick paints the picture of a Chicago pork-packer who from the first had no scruples to lose. Harrington's steady nerves were never shaken by the constant expectation of dishonor. Publicity for this resourceful hero always meant ruin, but at the critical moment he never failed to buy a fresh lease of secrecy. Mr. Herrick has made him tell his own tale, which is of course the only effective way of describing an unscrupulous man. Yet Harrington is no villain in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He is merely gifted with an imagination for commerce which blinds him to the ordinary distinctions of right and wrong, and he has hours of almost spiritual exaltation when the magic idea of controlling "the entire food products business of the country" ceases to be wholly an affair of dollars, and carries him away like any mediæval hero on a quest. Mr. Herrick is wise in not laying too much stress on this view of pork-packing, and just avoids the revolting features of the canting millionaire. There is a sort of honesty in dishonor which to some extent saves Harrington with the reader. "There are no morals in business that I recognize except those that are written on the statute-book. To my mind, there was something childish in the use of those words 'better' and 'worse.' Every age is a new one, and to live in any age you have got to have the fingers and toes necessary for that age. For my part, I went with the forces that are, willingly, gladly; believing in them, no matter how ugly they might look. So history reads: the men who lead accept the conditions of their day."

The lesson of the book is that scruples and morals are "college talk" and end in failure, as in the case of Harrington's old employer Dround, who refuses to profit by rebates, private agreements, and "all the underground machinery of the packing business." In the end the youth from Indiana who had arrived in Chicago in the seventies with fifteen cents in his pocket, buys himself a seat in the United States Senate, after the Spanish war, with as much ease and almost as little secrecy as though he were acquiring the directorship of yet another great industrial concern. His brother, who had been handicapped by moral scruples, sinks into poverty in the Chicago slums. The love interest, as in other novels of this type, is entirely subordinate to the commercial. Harrington is not the man to fall under the sentimental influence of a woman. But he has his Egeria in Jane Dround, his employer's wife, a sphinx-like person, who reminds one of a Wilkie Collins heroine except that her passion is commercial rather than social intrigue. In the company of Jane, Harrington breathed more easily, and her glance was enough to inspire him with all the details of a new "merger." Happily, her influence was only intermittent.

This is not a book that we should care to see in the hands of youth. No one demands that a novelist should be didactic. But who, on the other hand, desires to entertain his leisure with a cynical apologia for commercial dishonesty? Success never seemed more unlovely, but it is still success, and this time justice is hopelessly beaten in the race.

A Treatise on Chemistry. By Sir H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer. New edition, completely revised. Macmillan Co. 1905. Vol. 1. 8vo, pp. 931.

The appearance of the first volume of a thoroughly revised edition, no doubt the last one that will have all the advantage of its author's skill, of Sir Henry Roscoe's 'Treatise on Chemistry,' is an appropriate occasion for noting the value to science of literary culture. The student of chemistry has no small task before him when he sits down so to impress upon his memory all the facts contained in these eight large volumes (as they probably will be, though they may be numbered as three) that each fact is ready at hand at the moment it becomes pertinent. In this undertaking he can receive from no other handbook in any language the degree of aid and comfort that he will gain from "Roscoe and Schorlemmer," because the facts are here set forth very plainly and with no suspicion of artifice, yet in such a way as to make him alive to them to the very end of the twenty-five hours of reading a day which is said to be necessary for the young chemist.

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They are not only stated as they appear to the experimenter, but they are clothed in good, pure English that does not annoy and does not draw attention from the facts to the words. There is no branch of science in which there is so low an average of general cultivation, or education, as there is among chemists; and yet on the average they write rather well. Perhaps that power of nice manipulation which they must have by nature and by severe training, that clean purposiveness in each muscular contraction and in every designing of an experiment, which renders it a keen æsthetic pleasure to see a good chemist perform—not a show experiment, but a serious analysis—may evidence itself in their use of words. It would certainly be very easy to name some fascinating books of chemistry; but no chemist has directed his literary accomplishments to a more useful office, lowly as ambitious vanity might deem it, than Sir Henry Roscoe has done in the composition of this treatise.

The most embarrassing question for the writer of a chemical handbook, and one which hardly any two have answered alike—a diversity most annoying to those who consult these books—is in what order to take up the elements, both in the main divisions and in the subdivisions. The simplest rule (and the more one considers it, the more one finds to approve in it) would be always to give precedence to the element of lower atomic weight. The effect of this would be revolutionary, no doubt; but it would be a salutary revolution, since it would put organic chemistry—the simpler subject, and in itself, no doubt, much the smaller subject, as well as the better understood subject—before inorganic chemistry, concerning which, in the ordinary treatment of it, the student acquires many ideas (as, for example, about saline solutions) that he has afterwards to unlearn as being exploded. The first compounds of any importance that would, in the proposed arrangement, be brought to his attention would be the hydrocarbons, the compounds of which our knowledge is the most nearly complete, while he would have impressed upon him at the outset the salutary lesson that our acquaintance with chemical substances is extremely slight at best. Then would come the ammonias, amines, nitrites, etc., that do not contain oxygen; and here, too, we are upon a good solid ground of theory, relatively speaking. Oxygen would introduce him to more difficult questions, which have, however, in organic chemistry, been tolerably well answered. The separation of series of elements, such as F, Cl, Br, I, in this arrangement would force the student repeatedly to review, one by one, the facts that he had already learned, and would thus ensure the accuracy of his recollections. But, of course, the capital advantage would be the simplicity of the arrangement.

"Roscoe and Schorlemmer" suffers as much as any book we know from inconsistencies of arrangement. Its general idea, like that of many other works, is to treat the elements in one column of Mendeléeff's table together. But no writer has ever adhered to that plan consistently. The result of doing so would be too atrocious. In this volume, oxygen follows after iodine. Boron is wedged between arsenic and carbon, simply because, at the time Roscoe studied chemistry, it was supposed to be allied to silicon through their non-volatile, glass-making acids—a circumstance which certainly does not affiliate boron with carbon. Nitrogen, phosphorus, and arsenic are treated in this volume; while antimony and bismuth go over to the third as being metals, although the metal tellurium is allowed a place here. A student who wishes occasionally to refer to this work along with a half-dozen other handbooks, all differently arranged, will be annoyed by the absence of any plain rule of arrangement in any of them.

The revision has been admirably performed. Its thoroughness and accuracy, and the sound scientific judgment shown wherever fact or theory is in doubt, are striking. A careful reading has disclosed but one or two slight errors. The historical statements are particularly careful, though we cannot assent to the credit allowed to Watt and disallowed to Cavendish as to the composition of water. The latter said that the two gases "are turned into water"—an expression of which the scientific caution at a time when there was no evidence whether that which was given off (which we now know to be heat-energy) was matter or not, ought to be commended in contrast to Watt's unreflecting haste. It is absurd to treat *his* remark as a great discovery. What is supposed to have been the imperfection of the statement of Cavendish? Probably, his not explicitly recognizing that the imponderable something which escaped when the two gases were "turned into" water was not matter. But even Lavoisier in his chemistry, and all the treatises of his school, reckoned caloric among the chemical elements; so that really we cannot see that Cavendish conceived the fact otherwise than Lavoisier afterwards did.

Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle: A Record of Thirteen Years. By Capt. A. I. R. Glasfurd of the Indian Army. With numerous illustrations by the Author and from photographs. John Lane. 1905.

The man behind the gun seldom becomes the man behind the pen, and if one's enjoyment of Capt. Glasfurd's spirited descriptions is somewhat marred by the solecisms to be found therein, one can cheerfully forgive the author, whose tales are so vividly told. In this collection of reminiscences and fanciful stories, the latter could easily be spared; the ghost-story and the well-seasoned tale of impossible horrors are more amusing around the camp-fire than in an otherwise admirable series of scenes from the jungle; moreover, the parody of 'Hiawatha' might better have remained in the author's desk. Yet these are slight errors of judgment compared with the real worth of the book as a whole. If one wishes to get out of the beaten tracks and plunge into Indian life as seen by the devout hunter, one cannot do better than peruse Capt. Glasfurd's narrative of tigers, bears, and deer, bagged or lost according to the whim of the hunting-god. The captain himself does not seem to be a remarkable shot; but, as he does not mind telling how often his rifle misses aim, so has his story a greater air of verisimilitude than attaches to most hunters' yarns. To one who enjoys an imaginative flight with less sentiment than pleases Mr. Thompson-Seton, the "Biography of a Tiger" will prove a pleasure. Less happy, perhaps, are the following biographies of the *sambar* deer and antelope. The last, indeed, is a severe tax on the imagination. One can fancy a jungle antelope in India using English and Hindustani; and "*shábásh*, little one," is no shock when one has heard the antelope describe how it crossed a *nála*, escaped three *párdis*, and entered the fields of *jawári*. But when the same animal talks about getting caught in a *cul-de-sac*, one's best endeavors to envisage the little polygot fail utterly. Even a Hindu deer is not likely to talk French. On the other hand, the chapter entitled "Reminiscences of Junglypur" is a genuine bit of hard-earned and well-spent experience; adventure and description being in well-balanced proportion.

Yet to an American the sport of India seems rather tame. The only really exciting fun is pig-sticking. One chases a boar, and either sticks a spear into him or gets stuck by the boar. But deer-hunting is without danger, and tiger-hunting is the tamest sport of all. To have a bed slung in a tree and to doze there with soda-water, sandwiches, and tobacco at hand, until a tiger comes to the bait below, and then shoot him without exposing one's self to danger, may be sport to those accustomed to the bravery of fox-hunting; but no American need lament that he cannot hunt tiger, either in this quiet way or in the more costly method, when one sits on an elephant. Even buffalo-hunting seems to be rather wearisome than virile sport. That out of such materials Capt. Glasfurd has succeeded in composing so excellent a book is greatly to his credit. He makes each tiger-hunt as realistic as possible; and as he weaves into it everything on land and in the sky, the result is satisfyingly picturesque, though the real excitement seems to be that of the poor little "bait," a goat or heifer tethered beneath the tree to entice the tiger. But the Indian sportsman wastes no more sympathy on his "bait" than the country boy on his angle-worm.

What Capt. Glasfurd says of the manufacture of "trophies" ought to bring the blush of shame to many of the bold hunters who proudly exhibit to friends at home the horns and hides they take back from India as their own spoils. It appears to be the practice nowadays to buy one's bag in the secret market exposed by the author in the matter-of-fact chapter "Round the Camp-Fire," where, by the way, one may also learn how to dress skins and what rifles to use in India. In the same chapter the author discusses the "depopulation" of India (meaning the extermination of game), and urges that, if the country becomes depleted of her game, she may "hold out fewer inducements to young men of sporting proclivities" and so "cease to attract to her public services many recruits of a desirable type."

In a new edition such slips as follow can easily be rectified: "Of he who," p. 167; "is into," p. 232; "every other creature scatters," p. 309; "I should have liked to have watched," p. 312; "a fauna," p. 317. The book is well illustrated.

William Bodham Donne and his Friends. Edited by Catharine B. Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

"Donne," said FitzGerald, "ah, there is a man without a fault—the least selfish man

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I ever knew." In the small circle of FitzGerald's intimates was more than one man of talent from whom his friends expected more than he achieved. Spedding was one of these, the "J. S." to whom Tennyson addressed the beautiful verses beginning:

"The wind that beats the mountains, blows
More softly round the open wold;
And gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould."

Spedding never aimed high enough or wide enough to please his friends, but at least he secured an honorable mention in literature as editor of Bacon. W. B. Donne was cast in the same "gentle mould," had the same tastes and the same associates, but he is practically forgotten. He had inherited a small property at Mattishall in Norfolk, and after he left Cambridge he settled there, and added to his small income by writing reviews and articles for *Fraser's*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Saturday*. On the death of Fanny Kemble's brother, John M. Kemble, in 1857, Donne was appointed examiner of plays, and for the rest of his life he lived in London, filling also the post of librarian to the London Library. He was considered somewhat too strict as to the plays he licensed, and several cartoons at his expense are reproduced in this volume. It was said that he never allowed the word "God" to be heard on the stage, and a story is told of a gentleman who called on him and found him revising manuscripts with the help of his children. As he entered he heard a voice say, "Here's another God, father," and the answer, "Very well, my dear, cross Him out, and put 'Heaven' as usual." Nevertheless, when, in 1874, he retired from the censorship, he had won the good will of all the theatrical managers in London. He died in 1882 at the age of seventy-five.

The best biography of such a man, whose life, like FitzGerald's, was essentially private and sedentary, consists of a selection from his letters. His granddaughter, Mrs. Johnson, has collected in this attractive volume not only about half of Donne's extant correspondence, but also several unpublished letters of FitzGerald to his beloved "W. B. D.," and of Fanny Kemble, who was one of Donne's most intimate friends. Donne's own letters are in style much like FitzGerald's, to whom many of them are addressed. He was an excellent letter writer, and, like his friend Bernard Barton, FitzGerald's Quaker father-in-law, taxed the energy of his correspondents, some of whom, such as Fanny Kemble or Archbishop Trench, led a more active life than himself. It is usually the sedentary life that produces good letters, and Donne's will always be valuable. The reader will find in them abundant gossip, always kindly, about the FitzGeralds and Kembles and their friends. Donne's eldest son married Fanny Kemble's niece, a daughter of John Kemble. His mother, Anne Donne, had been brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Bodham, who is worthy of mention as the lady who presented Cowper, the poet, with his mother's picture, a gift which inspired him with the poem beginning "Oh, that those lips had language"—lines which Tennyson could not read without tears. The mother of Cowper was in fact herself a Donne of the eighteenth century, and the famous portrait is now in the possession of the Donne family. The pedigree attached to these letters begins with William Donne of Norfolk, who died in 1681, and was supposed to be descended from the family of the poet Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's; but the connection has never been satisfactorily proved.

Mrs. Johnson's collection of letters is excellently illustrated with portraits of Donne's friends, the Kembles, Trenches, FitzGerald, Blakesley, the editor of Herodotus, etc. It is very light in the hand for its size, and is altogether a model of what such a record should be.

American Insects. By Vernon L. Kellogg, Professor of Entomology and Lecturer on Bionomics in Leland Stanford, jr., University. With many original illustrations by Mary Wellman. Henry Holt & Co. 1905. Large 8vo, pp. 674, ff. 812. 13 plates.

This is a large book in every way; so large as to be almost unwieldly, and yet not too large to cover the subject. "If man were not the dominant animal in the world, this would be the Age of Insects." So the book starts, and, after a brief explanation of its purpose, the subject is taken up systematically. On the whole the plan is similar to that adopted by Prof. J. H. Comstock (to whom the book is dedicated) in his 'Manual for the Study of Insects'; but it is much more elaborately carried out, especially in the parts dealing with the development and structure, while the spiders and myriapods are omitted. Ten years have elapsed since the 'Manual' was published, and in that period the study of insects has made great strides, and the number of interested students has correspondingly increased. Professor Kellogg has essayed the difficult task of making "easy reading," while at the same time giving systematic knowledge in tabular form, and anatomy and physiology by figures. Just how far he has succeeded is perhaps a question, but the book certainly contains a great deal of entertaining general information. The beginner has not been forgotten, and directions for collecting, preserving, and studying insects are given at some length. The chapters on "Insects and Flowers," "Colors and Patterns and their Uses," "Insects and Disease," are all highly readable. The last-named consists largely of quotation. When writing it, Professor Kellogg could not have seen Dr. Blanchard's exhaustive work on the natural and medical history of the mosquito; but in any case the theory that mosquitoes are the sole agents in the transmission of certain diseases, including yellow fever, is fully adopted.

The treatment of the mosquito subject in the body of the work is very brief, and, unfortunately, already antiquated. Instead of "nearly 60 species" in North America, almost as many are recorded from New York State alone. It is more to be regretted that the exploded statement that "mosquitoes do not fly far" is repeated so positively, for it seems to have been definitely proved that some species do fly many miles from their breeding-places. Furthermore, the eggs are said to be always laid on water, and to hatch soon afterward; whereas, as a matter of fact, most of the species lay them in damp places where they may remain for months and do remain, with some species, throughout the winter. These matters have been known for two years or more, and, evidently, this part of the book was not brought up to date after it was once written. Several other omissions at other points also indicate that the work of preparing the book has been spread over several years.

In general, entomologists will agree with the schemes of classification, though the propriety of the use of the ordinal term "Aptera" may be questioned. The author follows Dr. Sharp, in this instance, and not Comstock. As to the illustrations, they are of all sorts—some indifferent, the majority good; some well-known reproductions, but many are original. Some are line and some are half-tone work, both good and poor. The half-tone reproductions of some of the microphotographs are not so clear as figures of such structures should be; the use of somewhat sketchy linework is an innovation—on the whole, perhaps a good one. The colored plates are by the three-color process, and are mostly to be praised. The paper, type, and presswork leave little to be desired, and an exhaustive index adds materially to the value of the work.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ayres, S. G. *Complete Index to the Expositor's* Bible, Topical and Textual. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1 net.
Brooks, Amy. Dorothy Dainty at the Shore. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.00.
Collins, A. F. Wireless Telegraphy: Its History, Theory and Practice. McGraw Publishing Co.
Ditchfield, P. H. Picturesque English Cottages and their Doorway Gardens. Philadelphia: John C. Winston & Co.
Fisher, W. W. Class-book of Elementary Chemistry. 5th ed. Oxford: University Press; New York: H. Frowde. $1.10.
Goncourt, Edmond and Jules de. Love in the Eighteenth Century. London: Arthur L. Humphreys.
Hempstead, Junius L. The Deschanos: A Romance. Ben. Franklin Publishing Co.
Illustrated Catalogue of a Loan Collection of Portraits of English Historical Personages who died between 1625 and 1714. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 7s. 6d. net.
Jones, Prof. Henry, and Others. The Child and Religion. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: Putnams. $1.50 net.
Krüger, F. C. Theo. Lieder eines Deutsch-Amerikaners. Dresden: E. Pierson. Marks 2.50.
Loomis, Charles Battell. Minerva's Manœuvres. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Marshall, H. E. Stories of Robin Hood, told to the Children. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50c.
Newcomer, Alfonso G., and Seward, Samuel S., jr. Rhetoric in Practice. Henry Holt & Co. 90c.
Platt, Edmund. The Eagle's History of Poughkeepsie, 1683-1905. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Platt & Platt.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Shakspere's Christmas, and Other Stories. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Reid, Capt. Mayne. The Headless Horseman—The White Chief. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. $1 each.
Rhoades, Nina. How Barbara Kept her Promise. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.00.
Smith, Col. Nicholas. Masters of Old Age. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $1.25 net.
Taylor, Charles M. Only a Grain of Sand. Philadelphia: John C. Winston & Co.
Thorndike, Prof. A. H. Elements of Rhetoric and Composition. The Century Co.
Trench, Richard Chevenix. English, Past and Present. Edited by A. Smythe Palmer, D.D. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. 75c.
Tucker, M. A. School History of England: An Outline for Middle Forms. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Tupetz, Theodor. J. J. Rousseau: Emil; oder Ueber die Erziehung. 2d ed. Leipzig: G. Freytag.
Upton Letters, The. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Wack, Henry W. Story of the Congo Free State. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Waddell, Dr. J. A. L., C.E., The Principal Professional Papers of. New York: Virgil H. Hewes.
Waldegrave, A. J. A Teacher's Handbook of Moral Lessons. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Walters, Dr. F. R. Sanatoria for Consumptives. 3d ed. London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: Dutton.
Westcott, Rev. Frank N. The Heart of Catholicity. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.
Westover, Clyde C. The Romance of Gentle Will. The Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Westrup, Margaret. The Coming of Billy. Harpers. $1.25.
Weymouth Historical Society's Publications, No. 3. Wessagusset and Weymouth, by Charles Francis Adams, jr., etc. Weymouth, Mass.
Whitney, Helen Hay. Sonnets and Songs. Harpers.
Willis, Prof. H. P. Our Philippine Problem: A Study of American Colonial Policy. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Yourie Gardenin: A Russian Character Study. The Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.

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